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THE UNION MAGAZINE, OF LITERATURE AND ART.

THE UNION MAGAZINE.—We have received the January number for 1848 of this beautiful and valuable magazine. We have long been familiar with the writings of the editress, Mrs Kirkland. In the mass of literature which passes under our notice, her name is one of those which always arrests our attention, and commands a reading of whatever she has written. As this is the first number of 'The Union' we have had the pleasure of seeing, we can only give our opinion of the merits of the work from the specimen before us, and our conviction of the ability and cheerful endeavors of its conductors. The fame of its publisher, Israel Post, is guaranty for the honorable and faithful conduct of its business department. We have seen the Union Magazine frequently, and always handsomely, noticed by the city and country press. Our good word for the Union to all lovers of choice literature. The engravings are very good—the battle print particularly fine.—*Windham County Democrat, Brattleboro', Vt.*

UNION MAGAZINE.—The first number of the second volume, commencing with January, has been received. It is a superb number, and we predict for it a wider circulation than any monthly before has ever received. Its engravings are beautiful—designed expressly for the work—and no publication can boast of a more talented list of contributors.—*Cherry Valley Gazette, Cherry Valley, N. Y.*

THE UNION MAGAZINE OF LITERATURE AND ART. Edited by Mrs. Kirkland. New-York: Israel Post. We have received the first number of the second volume of this most beautiful monthly; and we must say, there is no magazine in the country with which we are acquainted, whose engravings are so admirably finished, and whose *tout ensemble* is so worthy of praise. The efforts of the talented editress and liberal publisher, must render the Union Magazine the magazine *par excellence*, and entitled above all others of its class to public patronage.—*Christian Advocate and Journal, New-York.*

We have received the January number of the "UNION MAGAZINE OF LITERATURE AND ART," edited by Mrs. C. M. Kirkland. This is decidedly the most beautiful work ever published in New-York, and should grace the parlor table of every family in the United States. This number is embellished with three most magnificent mezzotint and steel plate engravings.—*Catoctin Whig, Middletown, Md.*

UNION MAGAZINE. New-York: Israel Post. Through inadvertency we did not acknowledge the December and January numbers of this charming monthly. The literary contents of the work are not a whit inferior to any other work of the kind published; while the illustrations, in number and excellence, outvie the vaunting Graham even. To prove the statement in regard to the literary ability of the work, we shall soon publish several articles contained therein. Mrs. Kirkland is eminently qualified for the task of editing a magazine. The manner in which Mr. Post discharged his duty as publisher of the "Columbian Magazine," proves his ability to discharge the duty he has undertaken. Success to the "Union!"—*The Madison Family Visitor, Madison, Ga.*

UNION MAGAZINE.—The second volume commences with the new year. This magazine has had a brief and brilliant history. Its excellence has been carried to a degree of minuteness altogether unrivalled. Paper and typography, vignettes and wood-cuts, mezzotints and steel engravings, have all been of the first quality. We have a weakness for wood-cuts, and the January number contains *eight*!—together with one of the best mezzotints we ever saw, subscribed "Bit." There is a world of meaning in the engraving representing the "Homeless." A second mezzotint depicts the exploit of an American Lieutenant in Mexico. The literary matter is choice: 'Love and Murder,' 'The Jewess of Constantina,' and 'The Bewildered Savage,' may be noticed particularly.—*Connecticut Whig, Hartford, Conn.*

THE UNION MAGAZINE.—The January number for 1848 of this splendid magazine is already published—being the commencement of the second volume. This number has three elegant engravings, beside a very tasty Fashion plate. A friend at our elbow, looking at the latter, observes that pretty women are to be in vogue in '48, and requests us to mention the fact for the benefit of our bachelor readers. They are expected to govern themselves accordingly.—*New-Haven Daily Herald, New-Haven, Conn.*

THE UNION MAGAZINE OF LITERATURE AND ART. Edited by Mrs. Kirkland. New-York: Israel Post. As superb a number as we ever saw. The literary department is made up of original articles, from no less than *twenty-four* of principally the first writers of the day; and there are four beautiful steel illustrations, and eight wood engravings.—*Philadelphia Saturday Courier, Philadelphia, Pa.*

(See third page cover.)



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THE UNION MAGAZINE

FEBRUARY, 1848.

SHAWANGUNK MOUNTAIN.

BY ALFRED B. STREET.



away, leaping up and sinking down, and undulating forward for some thirty or forty leagues, in the boldest manner, until it comes in full sight of the magnificent Catskills, bounding up gloriously, height after height, near the Dutch village of Kingston, (a quaint, beautiful little place, that looks, with its grass-grown streets and mossy houses, as if it were winking and nodding in a confirmed drowsiness;) and then, as if struck aghast, it betakes itself, with a succession of curveys, each lower than the last, off the stage.

It ramparts the eastern entrance of Sullivan county; overlooking the smiling plains of Orange, and forming, on its western side, one of the walls of Mamakating Hollow; the "Barrens," a range of high hills, being the other wall.

Upon this mountain are two beautiful views. We will suppose it to be about sunset. You are climbing the ascent by the steep, crooked, but wide and well-built turnpike. Every now and then, if you turn your head, delicious fragments of rich scenery will strike your eye—a roof or two—a spire—a stretch of meadow, with silver curves of running water. Higher you ascend; and turning, broader prospects spread out to your sight, until, arriving at the first and highest summit, you pause and look back. Upon each side of you are the oaken woods of the mountain, their tops gilded with the mellow sun. Beyond, from the foot of the mountain to the faint blue waving line that proclaims the Hudson hills, is a landscape as glowing and lovely as ever blessed the eye, and gave a shock of pleasure to the heart. There lies the beautiful village of Bloomingburgh, with its roofs, its steeples and its rows of poplars;

beautiful meadows, spreading woods and splendid summits. It rises at the Delaware River, thrusting out its pointed toe like a *danseuse*, so as to touch the eddying waters; thence it launches

thence extend, league upon league of meadow, and pasture, and grain-field, and clustered woodland, smiling in all the witchery of those long-reaching black shadows—vistas of soft, rosy light—dappled spaces and flashing gleams, which that splendid painter, Nature, scatters in the sweet hour of sunset so profusely from her palette. Looking more intently, the eye at length searches out and detects the minute and delicate touches in the lovely picture. The dotting homesteads, set like birds' nests amidst their trees—the crouching barns—the scattered hay-stacks—the grouped cattle—the myriad lines of fences crossing each other—the gray roads with black dots of travellers, striping hill and valley—the green lanes—the differing colors of the corn, and grass, and wheat-fields—the turns and reaches of the flashing brooks—in short, all that makes up a landscape of exquisite rural beauty. Often have I stood, drinking in this glorious scene, until my heart went down upon its knees to God, in melting gratitude for so much loveliness, spread out for us—the poor, frail creatures of His hands.

You pass on at length, move down a hill, rise another summit, then descend the western breast of the mountain; and in a short time, the second view bursts upon you. Glimpses are given every little while, over the tops of the trees, of the valley far below. Still the woods covering this side of old Shawangunk, curtain any wide prospect; and you see little, (excepting the above glimpses,) but the great rough trunks and scalloped leaves of the white oaks, and the shaggy branches, studded with immense brown cones, of the spruces and hemlocks that flank the way. These, however, are interspersed with yawning chasms, into the sides of which the slanting trees strike their long claws, as if to keep themselves from pitching headlong below, and down which the eye follows the flash of the water-fall into some deep, dark dell, that looks as if striving to hide itself in the very bowels of the mountain, like a guilty thought in the depths of the human bosom. At length you come to a sudden curve of the road, and suddenly the prospect opens. Mamakating Hollow is stretched out below, with the "Barrens" rising opposite. The Bashe's Rill glitters almost at your feet, along its green meadows, with generally an angler or two after the fine pickerel of its waters, and a graceful elm and yellow willow making a standing bow over it. Far to the north and south extends the Hollow, in its green and golden hues of cultivated beauty; with the red houses of Wintsboro' in the middle distance, its single spire pointing a slender finger to heaven—the turnpike, a white streak laid athwart, straight as the path of the homeward bee; the canal, like a band of steel, running parallel with the Hollow; the long roof of the passing boat, crawling just over

the edge, with the tugging horse and ragged driver before it—the former attached by its spider thread of rope to the sluggish craft; and from different parts of the dark growth of the "Barrens," the smoke of the charcoal burners curling within the soft azure of the cloudless sky.

Hark! hark! the merry echoes—merry echoes—echoes—echoes, leap out boldly to the winding of the passing boatman's horn. Now they bound along the mountain—twang-a-rara, twang-a-rara; thence they pass in undulations—lura, lura, through the Hollow; faint and fainter—leera, leera; then they gather, bursting louder twang-a-rara; speeding fainter—leera, leera, in the distance, till they rise and fall, how sweetly! oh, how sweetly! faintly, sweetly! till they melt and die, how sweetly! oh, how sweetly, on the ear.

Speaking of descending the mountain, reminds me of a fearful ride I had once in a stage-coach, down this very road. It was in December—a bright, lovely day, but cold as Nova Zembla; or, what is colder—a miser's heart. The clear glittering air brought all things out in sharp and beautiful relief; pleasant enough to look at with the glasses of the coach down; the moment, however, you put your head out—whew! where was your nose! It had rained the night before, and the road was one sheet of ice. We ascended very well; the noble horses in a cloud of white vapor, and the wheels creaking as if they peeled off strips of ice as they went. The first descent was also made well enough, as it is short and not steep. After another tugging up, we stood for a moment to let the horses breathe, and the driver shoe the wheel. At the risk of losing my nose, I raised the glass and looked out. Down plunged the icy road from within ten feet of the leaders' fore-legs, flashing back the rays of the cloudless sun, and appearing as if it would be the easiest thing in the world to slide down over it into—anywhere. There were six passengers of us; an old, fat woman, her husband, with a nose like the shell of a boiled lobster; a backwoods dandy, with his pantaloons strapped so preposterously tight, that it was a wonder he could keep his legs down; a stolid assemblyman from Sullivan county, with a face of solemn wisdom, that seemed as if he thought the whole world was anxious for him "to express his views"—only he wouldn't; a drunken, hiccupping vagabond, that the autocrat of the reins had picked up and thrust upon us, and your humble servant. Ascending, the talk in the coach was somewhat as follows:—myself and red-nose, being listeners-general to the whole.

"My old man, what sets beside me here, sez to me, Bessy, (he always from the very first goen off called me Bessy,) Be-sy, sez he, this ere child of ourn will die, as sarten as ken be. Nothen ken

save him. Now, sez I, don't you bleeve more than jest half of that ere, sez I—"

"Hail Columbee, happy la—" hiccough.

"Driver, I wish you'd take this ere dirty, drunken feller out; he's got his feet continually on my pantaloons—"

"I looked right at the speaker. I ketched his eye jest at that moment. He knew there was suthen a comen; he knew when I looked at him I had suthen to say regarden my views, ef I had wanted ter, and the h-aouse knew it tiew. I wasn't quite ready though, so I—"

"Well, I tuk a little sarsaparilly and snake-rut, and minced em up; and then I tuk a spoon, and pried the child's teeth open, and—"

"What fout and bled in freedom's cause—I say, boss—" hiccough—"take care your straps don't break, or your pantaloons will"—hiccough—"be a missen—"

"Driver! do you hear; if this ere feller stays here any longer, I shall complain to the proprietors—demme!—"

"I telled my constitients jest afore 'lection regarden my views, that ef they thought they could git a better man, that I did n't crave the office, but all the influentialest men in the party said they could n't, and so I—"

Just then the coach, as before remarked, stopped. I surveyed the prospect with rather an uncomfortable feeling; but seeing Jim, the driver, drawing in his reins carefully, and settling his person firmly in his seat, I commended myself to my guardian angel, and lowered the glass. Immediately I felt the gliding of the wheels, and heard the cautious trampling of the horses. Slowly—slowly—the coach creaked downward;—my companions, also apprehensive, ceasing their babble. Faster and faster went the coach—louder and louder sounded the restraining voice of the driver. A grating slide to the left took place, and looking out, I found we were upon the verge of a strip of ice, which crossed the road and sloped down a fearful chasm. A thrill passed through me—but I had hardly caught a glimpse of the hemlock tops in the dell, over which we impended, when the loud crack of the driver's whip urged the spirited steeds forward, and we were past. Faster and faster, and faster still, went the coach, the wheel horses (notwithstanding the shoe) feeling the great weight against them, and the leaders, roused by the crack of the whip, momentarily losing the restraint of the reins. Another fearful slide sideways—the machine trembling with the jar as if conscious of danger—again a yawning abyss seemed ready to receive us—but just upon the edge we were arrested by the upturned roots of a tree which had fallen down the chasm—again a crack of the whip and

a loud chirrup from the driver, and we once more glided safely along.

I now took a rapid survey of my companions. The old lady had been just in the act of taking a pinch of snuff; petrified by the juncture, she now sat with two fingers within an inch of her nostril; red nose had shaken off his apathy, and was gazing out of the window with his mouth down and his eyebrows up; the assemblyman was looking as if debating whether the coach would dare upset, with him as a passenger; the drunken songster had just recovered from a long whistle, whilst his friend the Narcissus had succeeded in opening the glass upon the upper side, with the evident determination, in another crisis, of saving himself at all events. The peril being passed, however, they all fell again into their natural grouping.

A long, steep, straight part of the road now sloped downward, before the curve which opened the prospect of Mamakating Hollow occurred. We had proceeded but a short distance down, when I discovered, by the great speed of our way, and the loud ejaculations of "Whoa! whoa!" from the driver, mingled with the rapid trampling of hoofs, that the horses had burst from all restraint, and were running away. The discovery was appalling, and a shudder passed over my frame. All hope of safety seemed over, and I mechanically glanced at the gaunt trees that were flitting by the windows, expecting every moment a catastrophe. The coach would give the most alarming lurches forward, as if about dashing in the very midst of the horses; and at such times the trampling without would increase, the frightened steeds springing onwards with a fiercer rapidity and violence. I knew the curve could not be far distant, and if we escaped thus far, the overturn there was almost certain to take place; and with our terrific speed, and dashed upon the frozen earth, the consequences would, without doubt, be fearful indeed. A minute or two more elapsed, and we still skimmed along, when suddenly the fore part of the coach was violently jerked—the whole body then swung swiftly around like a pendulum, with a harsh scream and jar that shook us like an ague fit. We all convulsively grasped the straps and loops within our reach—a sudden shock—the coach slanted—and, the next instant, the outer wheels regained their position, and we darted forward still erect, and still safe. Hurrah! the curve was passed—we may yet escape—but another turn is close at hand: again the coach swings half around, and still it keeps its upright position! The driver still retains his seat—he may yet curb his horses—the descent is not quite so steep, and but one more curve occurs, and then we are close upon the mountain's foot—courage! good fortune

may attend us yet. These thoughts had no more than flashed through my brain, when a terrible commotion took place in front, and, dashing up the glass, I looked out. A diamond dust was glittering in the air; one of the wheelers had fallen, and, making the most convulsive efforts, was being dragged along; his mate was plunging sidewise, and launching out his heels most terrifically; the driver was shrinking from contact with the flying hoofs, whilst the leaders were still dashing forward in their mad gallop, but with some little abatement in their speed. I saw in an instant that the straps supporting the tongue, from the great strain upon them, had parted, and the coach driving against the wheelers, had produced the present state of things. But as I looked at this scene, my eye glanced involuntarily forward, and behold! there was the last curve, not more than a hundred rods ahead, wearing a more crooked and alarming aspect than ever it did before. Still, the swiftness of our course was constantly abating, from the resistance of the tongue ploughing up the ice causing the diamond shower before alluded to—the dragging weight of the fallen wheeler—and the erratic movements of his frenzied fellow. But I had hardly time to hope, when I felt again the sickening swing of the coach: a crash succeeded like the fall of a tree; I felt myself hurled from my seat in the midst of my companions; and then commenced a screaming and struggling of the most violent character. A great foot was dashed in my face; my ribs received a thrust that I thought had driven them in; and I found myself on the verge of strangulation. After a short time, however, the door was opened: I threw from my body one of my scrambling comrades in misfortune, and at last extricated myself from the prostrate coach. Two strong men were holding the prancing leaders by the heads; two or three more were busy extricating the fallen wheeler; another was soothing his frightened mate; whilst two others were engaged with those inside the coach. Finding myself unharmed except a bruise upon the forehead, I, with a mental ejaculation of gratitude to Heaven for the escape, turned to assist the efforts of those who were busy with my companions. As I turned, the dandy made his appearance from the coach door, his face pale with affright a streak of blood gushing from his nose, that had received a woful blow; whilst his pantaloons, having released themselves from their thralldom at the feet, were paying a shrivelling visit to his knees. Next came the old lady, catching her breath, and ejaculating between every catch: "Oh, lordesses' massies, I can't breathe! Dicky, Dicky, I can't breathe, I tell you! where are you, you brute?"—uttering simultaneously, as it were, groans of the most horrible depth and com-

pass. Dicky, i. e. red nose, next thrust his proboscis out, groping blindly around, sneezing in the most violent way, and squinting in such a diabolical manner as to throw his whole countenance into spasms—having received the whole battery of his wife's snuff-box in his face and eyes, in the fall. The singing gentleman then came lurching out, his bloated features all twisted and settled into the most ludicrous expression of drunken bewilderment, and exclaiming, as he staggered upon his tottering legs, "Gosh! I bleeve I'm dead! where am I, enny how?" And, lastly, the assemblyman emerged, all the conceit of his nature brought pugnaciously out into his solemn countenance, and braying forth as he stepped upon the ground, "This shan't be settled, no how. I'll sue the proprietors for this ere upsetten, jest as certing as I'm alive. I don't kear whether it'll be popular or not; I've been upset, and killed a'most, and that's enuff!"

When the excitement, however, had a little subsided, we found, to our astonishment, that all had, with the exception of some unimportant bruises, escaped injury. The side of the coach was fractured, the roof broken, and altogether it was a wreck; but we were standing on the icy road, with hardly a mark upon us to tell that we had incurred so frightful a risk of a sudden and violent death!

The driver had also been almost miraculously preserved. He had been cast bodily into the branches of a slanting spruce by the way side, and, clinging instinctively to them, had not received even a bruise. Those who had so opportunely come to our relief were a company of workmen crossing the mountain on foot, towards Bloomingburgh, arriving at the precise time of our accident. Leaving the driver together with two or three of the men who had kindly volunteered the task, to take care of the horses and wreck of the coach, we passengers started for Wintsboro' as fast as our feet could carry us, all silent, with the exception of the votary of Bacchus, who, keeping his nose in a straight direction towards the village tavern, as if he scented the rum in the very air, found time, every now and then, to mingle with his expressed joy that "there was fodder ahead," many condoling remarks to the dandy,—who disdained to walk near him,—upon the rising qualities of the aspiring pantaloons.

There is one place in Shawangunk Mountain particularly wild and picturesque. It is a deep gorge or pass, called "The Gap." Walls of rock are on each side, with spruces and hemlocks slanting forward from numerous clefts, and in some places nearly meeting, so as to turn the sky into a blue ribbon. A rough, narrow road passes through it, and now and then the echoes are thrown into a chatter of teeth by the rattle of a farmer's wagon,

as if frightened by so unusual a circumstance, having never been intended by nature to be disturbed by anything but the panther's scream and the hunter's rifle.

The sunset has a marvellous faculty of shooting in, and searching out things here. She comes flaunting in and picks out with her long slender fingers a mossy rock, imbedded in the sides, that you would never see—or she touches an old hemlock here and there, so as to turn what in mid-day you might pass over without noticing, into a very picturesque object, its scanty verdure and festoons of moss brought out into bright relief; or she shoots her glance through and through some great pine tree, making it a hollow dome of light, with the cones like black dots scattered amongst it—or she peers up the dark cleft of some oak, bringing into view the little head of the striped squirrel, which, alarmed at your footsteps, has sought refuge—or she sprinkles rich drops from her censer upon a space of grassy earth, making a beautiful chequer-board, or a splendid mosaic of what you would tread upon without a thought an hour earlier; or she brings out the gleam of some waterfall, leaping from a rock above, and falling on its face, with a groan, in a convulsion fit; or she compares together the blue of the slate with the white of the clay, the red of the sandstone with the gray of the granite; or she leaps up into the lofty top of a great tree upon the highest peak of the gap, and shows the mother eagle feeding her young, whilst the monarch father is just settling his pinions upon an antlered branch beside; or she creeps upon her hands and knees, as it were, in some low cavern, and peering round, points at last to a crouching wolf; or she—in short the sunset cuts here a multitude of brilliant capers, and dashes around in the dark gap very splendidly.

About twenty years since, in the wildest part of the gap, lived a charcoal burner. His dwelling—a log hut of the rudest description—was hid away like a woodpecker's nest, in a corner of a large hollow, in the high bank, resembling a sunken cheek in the human countenance. The hollow was overgrown with trees and bushes, so thickly as almost to conceal the cabin, except where it thrust out its little nostril of a chimney as if for air. Now and then a chance beam would stray in, however, and touch its one window, which then gleamed out like the fierce eyeball of some animal from its lair. The charcoal-burner was a dark-browed, ferocious-looking man of gigantic strength, and with eyes so subtle, so cruel, so malignant, rolling and lurking amidst hanging hair so matted and wild, that it seemed as if a coiled and knotted blacksnake had taken possession of his head and was looking out of the sunken, livid sockets with its own keen and flashing balls. His wife—a weird-like, skinny creature, that seemed

as if she had dried up from the effects of the fiery spirit within; and his son, resembling his father, of lesser size, however, and spread thinly over with the softer colors of youth—lived with him. Their coal-pit was upon the side of the gap, a short distance up, and it was itself in consonance with the wild scene and wilder inmates; for it appeared at night, when aglow and smoking, like some dreadful monster, with a horrent crest of blackness and red eyes glaring all around as if for prey.

One evening about sunset, a traveller on horseback was seen, by a loitering woodcutter on the eastern side of the gap, (the Orange county side) to enter it. He had inquired of the latter, how far it was to a certain point in Sullivan county who consequently noticed him more particularly than he perhaps would otherwise have done. He was a fine-looking young man, handsomely dressed, and mounted on a splendid horse, with a valise strapped behind a beautifully-finished saddle. Receiving the necessary information, he disappeared within the entrance of the gap.

About a month after this event a paragraph appeared in a newspaper of the city of New York, stating that Mr. T., a member of one of the most respectable families of the city, had left home some forty days previous, upon a tour on horseback through the south-western part of the State, and that a month had elapsed without his being heard of. Then followed a minute description of both horse and rider.

This paragraph was copied into one or two of the Orange county papers, and at length attracted the eye of the woodcutter. He told his story to a neighboring magistrate, and suspicion being instantly fastened upon the three inmates of the gap, they were arrested; but the circumstances, though strong, not being deemed sufficient to even place them upon trial, they were discharged.

A year after they were set at liberty, the son, who, always dissipated, had in the meanwhile become a poor drunken creature, thoroughly depraved and corrupt, came before the grand jury of the county who were sitting at the time; and in consequence, the father was arrested and confined as well as himself, in different cells of the county prison. The woman was not implicated, but she preferred, woman-like, to share the imprisonment of her husband. In a few days the trial came on. The wood-cutter was first examined, and after narrating the circumstances of the stranger accosting him and his entrance into the gap, the son was called to the stand. The father was seated upon a bench directly in front of the stand, and separated but a few feet from it; his wife, the mother of the youth, was beside him. The old man's countenance was wild and gloomy; his eyes had been hitherto alternately flitting with a quick, keen, shifting glare from face to face and dropped

upon the floor; but as the son took the stand, he fastened a gaze upon him of fiendish wrath and awful warning, whilst his face grew black as midnight. The woman seemed crushed down with sorrow; the fiery spirit had all vanished from her stricken countenance, which now showed traces of former beauty. The son's eye also wandered over the crowd, as he came to his place, with the same rapid glance of the father, like the flying of a bird from bush to bush, until it rested upon the anxious and heart-broken look of his mother. It then grew somewhat soft, with signs of compunction struggling within it; but catching the demoniac gaze of his father, it appeared to emit sparks of fire, to snap, as it were, with bitter fury; rage, defiance, hatred, all flaming in the keen, black depths, until the countenance appeared scarcely human.

The oath was now recited to him by the clerk, but just as he was about to touch the Bible with his lips, his mother, who had appeared hardly conscious before of anything, stood up before him.

"Edward Wilkins," said she, in a deep, solemn tone, "why are you here? This is no place for you. Come," added she, in an endearing manner, "let us both go home!"

"I will not go home, mother," answered the youth positively, but somewhat kindly; "this is jest the place for me and that ere man there too," pointing to the elder Wilkins, whilst his voice became fierce and abrupt.

"That man is your father, Edward Wilkins," said his mother, sternly. "Surely, surely my son," continued she in a piercing tone, "you cannot mean to harm him! Think of it, my child, he is your father. And am I not your mother, Neddy? Come, my boy, come! Come with me," and the unhappy female, as she said this in a choked and most touching voice, advanced towards him with an extended hand, whilst the tears fell in great drops from her cheeks.

"Mrs. Wilkins, you must be seated," here interrupted the judge, in a mild, but authoritative and determined manner; "let the man," turning to the clerk, "be sworn."

Starting as if from a trance, young Wilkins now took the customary oath, and after answering a few preliminary questions of the public prosecutor, commenced his story.

"On the twenty-third of August, a year ago, father—I mean that man there—and I, was at the coal-pit. 'Twas jest about sundown, and we was a talken about how poor we was, and the difficulty we was al'ays in, with the sheriff and constables, when we seed a flashy-looken young man on a fine hoss, looken as if he had lots o' money by him, come into the gap. The moment fa—that man there—seed him, sez he to me, 'Ned!' says he, 'when is that ere execution

due that squire Dobbins issued agin me?' 'Tomorrow, father,' sez I; for I called him father then; I don't now though, I can tell him that,' bringing down his fist upon his palm violently, whilst his eye flashed fire. 'Well,' sez he, 'Ned! I tell you what it is; that ere feller riden down there looks as if he was made of money. 'Spose we jest stop his motions.' And he looked at me in sich a way that I understood him in a minit. So we crept down to a narrow part of the gap, and hid behind a thick bush. By-and-by, the chap came riden slowly along—for the road is quite rough—a whistlen to hisself, and a looken down at his horse's mane. As he kim abreast, we sprung out; I ketched the bridle of his hoss, and fa—that man there—dragged him off in a twinklen, stuffed his handkerchief in his mouth, jumped upon his breast, hauled out his knife, drewed his head clean back, and—"

"Edward! Edward Wilkins!" shrieked a voice in the wildest and most thrilling accents, "stop! stop! I command you in the name of God, stop!" and the wretched mother rushed up to her son's side, and caught him violently by the arm. "I, your mother, who gave you birth; who reared you from a tender infant—I ask you, I implore you, for the sake of holy heaven, say no more, my child, say no more!"

The court, as well as the spectators, seemed paralyzed with horror. Young Wilkins trembled as if he were about to fall; but catching the eye of his father, in which was an expression of fierce triumph, he wrested his arm from his mother's grasp, stamped his foot, and almost howled.

"I will not stop, mother; I will not stop. Didn't he keep all the money hisself; and when I tried to git it from his pocket one night, did n't he knock me down and kick me till I rolled over and over, and beat my head agin the haarth, and finally, at last, did n't he, when I was blind with blood, fairly kick me out o' the house? Answer me that, mother, answer me that!"

"Edward Wilkins, come home with me. I command you to come. You shall come, you know me boy, when I'm roused, you know me!"

"Yes, I know you, mother, well enough. You made me know you when I was a child, but I'm a child no longer, I can tell you; and him too," he added, glancing with an eye of flame at his father.

"Do you want to die with him, Edward?" exclaimed the mother, hoarsely, "do you want to swing on the same gallows?"

"I'd jest as leeve die as not. I hav'n't had a minit's peace since that night; I hav'n't!"

"Enough of this," here interposed the judge, for a spell of horror had hitherto been cast over all

to such an extent that no one even dreamed of interrupting this fearful conversation; "Enough of this. Constable, remove the woman. Let the witness proceed."

Again the youth started, but he commenced immediately, and hurried through his narrative as if fearful that his breath would fail him ere he told it.

"Well—he—that man there—pulled back his head, as I was a sayen—drawed his knife up to the very hilt through his throat, till the great spirits of blood struck even me in the face, then held him down till he'd stopped kicken; and ——"

Here he was interrupted by a shriek so loud, so frenzied, that it rang through every ear as if an arrow pierced the brain. A heavy fall succeeded, and the poor, heart-broken wife and mother, who had not as yet been taken from the room, owing to the pressure of the crowd, was seen on the floor struggling in a fit of epilepsy, as if in the death agonies. She was quickly removed for medical aid, but even this did not daunt the malignant, revengeful spirit of the poor wretch her son, from his horrible, most horrible task.

"Arter the young man was dead," he continued, more hurriedly than ever, "we searched his pockets and valise and found a heap o' money. We then cut the horse's throat, afeard he would betray us ef we kept or sold him; and then we dragged both up to the coal pit and throwed their bodies in. We kept the hull thing secret for some time from mother, knowen it would worry her a'most to death, but she soon 'spected it, and finally at last she plagued me so, that I up and telled her. Arter all, would you bleeve that that ere man there, would n't give me any of the money! So what with that, and seenen the murdered man every night astanden by my bed, with his throat all bloody and my chamber all in blue flames, I tuk to drink, and that man there and I used to quarrel, and finally at last he knocked me down and kicked me out of doors. I then said I'd be revenged, and I've kept my word; and ef you do n't hang him ——"

The wretch had proceeded thus far, pouring out his words with a sort of frenzied haste, when he was fearfully interrupted. The father had listened to him as he told his story, with eyes that glared more terribly at every word, edging nearer and nearer, like the stealthy movement of the panther towards his slumbering victim; but as his son uttered these last words, he sprang upon him with the fierce spring of that same panther upon his prey; and, ejaculating a dreadful oath, caught him by the throat. So sudden and unexpected was the assault, that the son staggered and fell with his father upon him; clutching his throat with an iron, vice-like grasp. There was a rush of all near, to separate them; but so quick and unexpected was the action, that a moment or two elapsed, before an effort could be made. Black grew the face of the son; his eyes rolled fearfully, and his tongue protruded, but still that grasp continued, defying the strength of those who vainly endeavored, amidst the rocking and tumult and pressure of the excited crowd, to unlock it. At last, dashing the son's head with awful violence against the projection of a seat, the father, with a horrid laugh, arose, and the son fell heavily upon the floor—dead!

The father was rescued with difficulty from the hands of the crowd, who would have torn him to pieces; and shortly afterward paid the penalty of his crimes upon the scaffold. He died unrepentant, and without the pity or sympathy of a human being. I mistake—there was one who attended him in his cell—stood by his side at the scaffold, and received him into her arms when the fearful sentence of the law was fulfilled. The body was yielded to her. She buried him in a wild place in "The Gap," and in one short month was laid beside him. This world was no place for her, and God, in His merciful kindness, took her away. How touching an instance of female devotion, clinging to the object of its devotion through shame and guilt, despair and death!

SUNSET.

Those gorgeous golden clouds that lie
Along the deeply-purpling sky,
Receive in silent majesty

The falling day.

Methinks those changing hues of even
Are like the dying rapture given
To sainted spirits, ere to heaven

They soar away;

And all those living fires that gild
Day's exit through yon western field,
Like the bright glory then revealed

To faith's pure eye.—FRANK.



THE TALISMAN.

BY WM. C. RICHARDS

THIS motto I give to the young and the old—
More precious, by far, than a treasure of gold
'T will prove to its owner a talisman rare,
More potent than magic—'tis 'Never Despair!'

No, never despair! whatsoe'er be thy lot,
If fortune's gay sunshine illumine it not;
Mid its gloom, and despite its dark burden of care,
If thou canst not be cheerful, yet 'Never Despair!'

Oh, what if the sailor a coward should be,
When the tempest comes down, in its wrath, on the sea,
And the mad billows leap like wild beasts from their lair,
To make him their prey if he yield to Despair?

But see him amid the fierce strife of the waves,
When around his frail vessel the storm-demon raves,
How he rouses his soul up to do and to dare!
And while there is life left—will 'Never Despair.'

Thou, too, art a sailor, and Time is the sea,
And life the frail vessel that upholdeth thee;
Fierce storms of misfortune will fall to thy share,
But like thy bold prototype—'Never Despair.'

Let not the wild tempest thy spirit affright,
Shrink not from the storm though it come in its might,
Be watchful, be ready, for shipwreck prepare,
Keep an eye on the life-boat, but 'Never Despair!'

WRINKLES.

BY EVERT A. DU YCKINCK.

START not, reader, we are not about to inflict upon your sympathies an essay on Old Age, or circumvent your patient attention by an artful current of sensibility conducting to a puff on cosmetics. We are emulous neither of the elegiacs of Young, who could croak you out, rival of the owl, a Night Thought on the monitory theme, nor of the mercenary eloquence of Gouraud. We have not even the desire to wave the softest of melancholy's funeral feathers borrowed from the hearse of Horace, most pardonable of poet preachers. Wrinkles? pah! what has a magazine devoted to the elegancies and refinements of life—to wit, mirth, the song, the story, the magazine of beauty, womanhood, girlhood, childhood, the parlor, the boudoir, to say nothing of a magazine which bears every month in its front, an exquisite plate of ladies and gentlemen of the smoothest of faces, corsage and cravats incapable of a break because impossible of motion, gloves far superior to any human flesh in outline, painted vests, tighter fits than Prince Vortigern's, and continuations on legs which cut the eye with the mathematical precision of pairs of compasses—what has a magazine to do with the subject? Wrinkles here? The thing is impossible! The French nation has never heard of such a thing. Such pitfalls and dangerous extinguishments of love, graves of beauty and desire, it would cover with enamel, or varnish with rouge. Are we to be less polite? No, we do not mean when we talk of wrinkles, the furrows of age, or the lightning traces of Lear's anger, in “a brow of youth,” those foot-prints of crows, curiously traced on the dry, sandy margin of eyes which were once liquid lakes of Como and delight, nor those huge crooked thrusts, awkward gashes of the gauche “fleshless monarch of the hour-glass and the scythe;” earthquake fissures of the human physiognomy, which the most skilful and carefully-nurtured planting of whiskers and moustache, but indifferently conceal—we mean nothing of the kind. We know our duty and the tenure of a fashionable magazine much better than that.

We are no admirers of the boorish Diogenic treatment of things, by which some people are always throwing handfuls of mould from churchyards in other people's faces; knocking down good spirits and cheapening civility by such salutations as, ‘Bless me, how ill you look,’ ‘How old you are

getting,’ and the like. It is a very common mode of salutation, one which we can hardly induce ourselves to believe, proceeds from downright malevolence, for we have more faith in men's hearts than their heads, and are, therefore, inclined to set it down as sheer imbecility. It arises from that awful poverty of the imagination which afflicts nine-tenths of the world who go about their kindnesses with the good intention and wretched execution of La Fontaine's jackass caressing his master. We have all heard the story of the wager recorded and won, in the celebrated annals of the Quizzing Club, of a stout gentleman in perfect health, who being met along the road by relays of the brotherhood, each ringing for him these Duncan-like knells of sympathizing dolefulness, taking him down a peg at every vibration, at the end of his short journey found himself in the bed of the village inn, delivered over, body and soul, to the rural Æsculapius—where Heaven preserve him. It is the most unmannerly of social abuses. Lord Chesterfield used to complain of the impertinent street gossips who took him by the button; but what is the loss of a button, or even a coat, to the loss of your liver, or your lungs, or your eyes, or your ears? A button is valuable only for what it protects. Of what use is it if you shrink your victim into a consumption, or expand him into a dropsy?

This by the way. It is quite time we should explain what we mean by a wrinkle. A wrinkle then is neither more nor less than a new cant word introduced into the fashionable vocabulary of that class of capricious expletives not to be found in Johnson or Richardson, where they are ungratefully omitted, though they do a far larger share of the work of the language than any part of speech therein recorded. It has of late dawned on the town, and bids fair to be quite as useful, quite as elegant, and to supply equally well the want of thought and the deficiencies of education and expression, with such exhausted terms as “immense,” “odd,” “prodigious,” “the macaroni,” the “potato,” and other economical inventions for the use of gentlemen and ladies afflicted with an uncomfortable paucity of ideas. We fully accord with the spirit of the age in sympathy with all inventions which abbreviate or extinguish human misery; and of all attitudes there is none perhaps which surpasses, in ecstasy of torture, that of

an unexceptionably-attired, long-waisted, patent-leathered, short-caned gentlemen, or a lady *comme il faut, bien coiffée, bien gantée, bien chaussée*, the centre of a circle of reverential admirers actually at a loss to display the elegance of nature's pearly teeth, (not quite so white as Parmly's,) or send a single arrow from Cupid's delicately-arched bow for the want of a single thought in the quiver. For such occasions and emergencies cant words were invented, and the letheon itself is not a greater blessing to mankind. If the politer species of cant words were to be abolished, one-half the wit and wisdom of the world would disappear in a twinkling. Polite society would be dumb. Some new species of Abbe Sicard would be needed to recover that portion of the human race.

How could the ——— Club, for instance, get along without so compendious a phrase as *the wrinkle*? See what a convenient and ready explanation it offers for all the oddities and half the solemnities of the world! A particular mode of doing a thing for no particular end, is a wrinkle. A habit of your own, which no one else in the world has, is a wrinkle. The gentler sorts of humbugs are wrinkles. Serious illogical proceedings are wrinkles. Anomalies of dress, of equipage, of living, are wrinkles. There are cosmopolitan, national, municipal, local, and personal wrinkles. The conversion of the Sandwich Islanders, according to Herman Melville, is a magnificent wrinkle; with the discovery of a Northwest passage, free trade and peace societies; but some of these wrinkles this age of railroads may, peradventure, iron out. Mr. Polk's pious, patriotic, chivalric "conquest of a peace," unless he means a very large piece, is a national wrinkle. Whether from the rugged, warty, mountainous character of the soil, or what not, there are a great many wrinkles in New England. In the south a milder climate soothes these little eccentricities, and there are fewer wrinkles. The most considerable municipal wrinkle of which we have any recollection, was Mayor Harper's great feat of dumping Rockland icebergs into the Park fountain, and hanging tin cups on the posts, as purses of gold were hung about England on the highways, according to ancient historians, under the excellent administration of King Alfred. Chroniclers tell us that they remained untouched; we are not informed whether Mayor Harper's cold-water Benjamins returned their cups to the City Hall pantries, or whether they permanently sacked them. Of local city

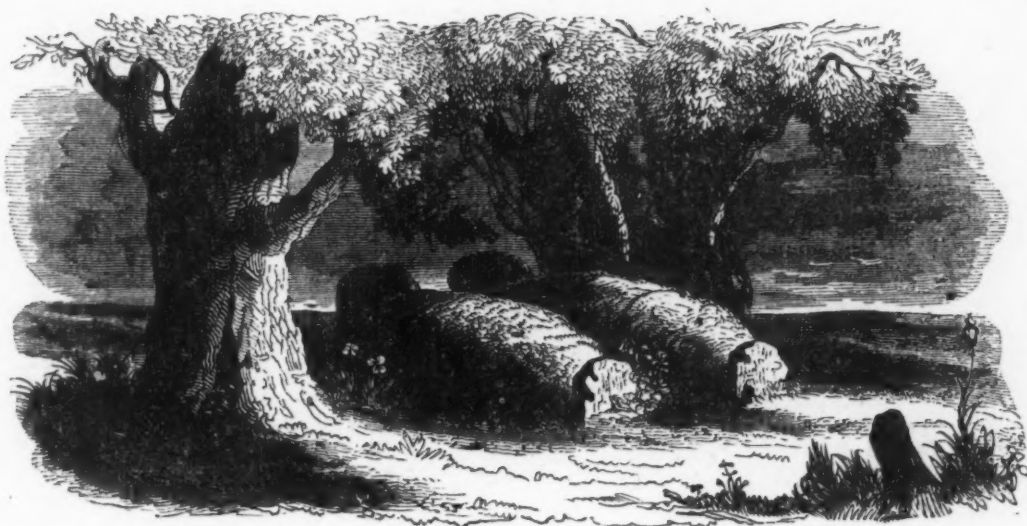
wrinkles, there are the Bowling Green Fountain, which is wrinkle enough for the whole island; but we have a few others of the architectural sort. A church of the *Puritans*, in a quizzical-looking miniature of Catholic St. Denis, (copying even the defect of an imperfect tower,) with stained glass, is a wrinkle which would turn old Dr. Cotton in his grave. So, too, is the design of a Gothic church tower as a monument to the plain, republican, New-World simplicity of George Washington. The Italian Opera House may probably be a wrinkle, and not unlikely the Italian palaces of the Fifth Avenue. Diddlecraft's liveries in every fold of those capacious and multitudinous woollen capes, are wrinkles. Dr. Collyer's impersonations of the Fine Arts, is a wrinkle which the Greek Slave is not, for it is much nearer nature than his living models. Of personal wrinkles, every person of your acquaintance has, at least, two or three. There are impersonal wrinkles also—as the whole class of gimerack contrivances. A penknife with sixty-four blades, including a corkscrew, tooth-pick, and boot-hook, is a wrinkle. A red umbrella is a wrinkle. A Gibus hat is a wrinkle.

It would be impossible to recount all the wrinkles of this nature. Equally innumerable are the literary and artistic wrinkles. Mr. Longfellow's hexameters are wrinkles, and that splendid concluding hexameter—

Lighting his pipe, that was filled with sweet Natchitoches tobacco.

Mr. Halleck's admiration of monarchy, aristocracy, and war, is a wrinkle, and Mr. Cooper's hatred of editors; George Jones' love of Shakspeare is a wrinkle. Typee is a wrinkle, but it is as charming as a smile, and lovely as a dimple itself. Some of Mr. Page's "experiments" are wrinkles, but of that class which successive Old Mortalities and Walter Scotts will ever keep continually fresh.

Are the ladies exempt from this little pet weakness? Not while Madame George Sand smokes *his* cigars, Mrs. A. preaches, Mrs. B. legislates, and Mrs. Z. subjugates her husband while she emancipates the sex. These, however, are trifles which it is very ungallant to allude to. As nature has given dear, adorable woman a perfect contour, roundness, harmony and grace, while man is seamy, rough and angular, so morally and intellectually there can be no comparison of the perfections of the two.



LILLIS ROBINSON AND HER BROTHER.

BY MARY S. F.

It is now many years since I was first sent to a boarding-school. I went with a heavy heart, for I had a thousand prejudices against such establishments. I had been a willing listener to all the ordinary and extraordinary stories concerning them, which disaffected scholars could invent, for I did not wish to leave home; and they wrought me into such a state of feeling, that I anticipated a semi-martyrdom. No one else thought me in danger, and circumstances proved them to be right.

The school to which I was sent was not a large or fashionable establishment, though held in high estimation by common-sense, practical parents. I now consider it well worthy their good opinion; but in the days of which I write, I was not prepared to form the most correct judgment on any point. Under the influence of strong prejudices, it is not wonderful that I entered on my new sphere of existence with very little disposition to be made comfortable and happy. It had never entered my thoughts that teachers and pupils could have any common interests. I regarded them as two distinct classes: the former as a race employed by parents to supply their own deficiencies in discipline, and to communicate a certain amount of book-knowledge, at prices stipulated in their circulars; the proper objects of dislike, and fair subjects for all kinds of tricks and impertinence. Of course I did not venture to state my opinions in such bold words as these, but I cherished them secretly, and they did not bid fair to make me a very studious or tractable

scholar. I do not know to what mischief they might not have led, but for the blessed influence of one kind, good spirit,—dear Lillis Robinson,—or Miss Robinson, in school parlance, for she was one of my teachers, though not many years older than most of her pupils.

I shall never forget the day of our first meeting. She was absent when I arrived, so that nearly a week passed before I saw her. I heard her name mentioned as one whom I should love, but just then I neither wished to like nor to be liked by anything or anybody around me. Of course I was as wretched as I desired to be, for I really loved my home and dear, indulgent parents, and it would have been enough to bear up against that heart-sickness which always accompanies the first separation. In vain did Mr. and Mrs. Williams, the kind principals of the school, make every reasonable effort to comfort me, for I was steeled against them; and in vain did one and another companion venture a consoling word. I wept and sighed, and gave no replies; in short, behaved as disagreeably as possible. Of course every one was disgusted, and I was finally left to myself. There is a degree of home-sickness in which all kind persons sympathize, as the yearning of an affectionate and tender heart; but when it becomes apparent that one is obstinately determined to be miserable away from home, there are few natures forbearing enough to continue their pity. So I found it at last, and this was quite a new feature of the case for me. It is one thing to possess and repulse the kind feelings of others;

and altogether a different affair, not to have any such regard felt as to furnish an opportunity for rejection. So I was left to mope alone, and then I cried with double violence, for I felt truly deserted. This softened me a little. I longed for something to love,—for some object I had ever loved,—and with this feeling came such thoughts of home and my mother's tenderness, that I laid my head upon the desk at which I was sitting, and wept aloud. Then I felt a gentle pressure on my shoulder, and I knew that some one was sitting down beside me; and a voice was heard, so sweet and kind, that I looked up instinctively. Even now, through the mist of years, I seem to see the lovely face which was then bent pityingly over me, though it went up long ago to shine among the angels;—yet I cannot describe it. Sometimes I think there could not have been anything very definite in its outline, or I should recal the shape of features, and be able to designate the style of beauty to which they belonged. That I cannot do. I can only say that it was very fair and delicate, and so mild and calm in its expression, that even my stubborn nature felt subdued. I hardly know what this new comforter said to me, but they were words which made me a better girl. I saw that she was dressed in black, and the thought ran through my mind that she had lost her mother, and would therefore know how to care for me, just parted from the dear invalid at home. From that hour I clung to this new companion, and I can truly say, that her teachings were of more value than all the lessons of the school. That was Lillis Robinson. She first taught me self-control, and the folly of my prejudices, and led me to a truer estimate of others.

It is of no consequence that I should trace the progress of our friendship, for to this our intercourse finally grew. I was permitted to share her apartment, and that was the commencement of a new era in my school existence. So three years passed away, and my friends still left me under her kind guardianship. During all this time I had heard nothing of her former history, though there were circumstances which now and then excited the curiosity of our school-girl community. The position and relationships of all connected with the establishment were many times the subject of conversation; each one of us furnishing a quota of information concerning ourselves, and adding our respective stock of news concerning the teachers. It did not escape our observation, that we knew remarkably little about Miss Robinson. We were aware that she was an orphan, and that her parents had been persons of wealth and distinction. She, too, never seemed embarrassed in her circumstances; and indeed we had been plainly told that she possessed some property, quite enough to support her indepen-

dently, without any of the labor of teaching. Here was a mystery to our inexperience,—that any person, not absolutely forced to it, should wear out flesh and spirit in the effort to train such an ungrateful generation as ours. Then again, she was always dressed in black, and we could not account for this long adherence to an uncomfortable color. It could not be worn for any ordinary friend, and her parents had been dead many years. I insisted that she had lost a lover, for I thought her worthy the life-long homage of some noble character. All this made none of our proper business, to be sure, but that is not a point which school girls regard. Our curiosity seemed likely to remain unsatisfied, for none of us dared to question Mrs. Williams, the only person who could give us the desired information. She evidently knew all about the past, and seemed to love the fair girl the more for it. There was one point upon which we did once venture to question Miss Robinson: "Had she any brothers and sisters?"—and such an expression of pain passed over her face, that we never alluded to the matter again. All this was very mysterious, to be sure. Sometimes, when away from my room, and talking with my companions, I thought I would certainly ask her to tell me about her early life: but the resolution to do so was always repressed, if not conquered, by her serene but ever-sorrowful look. I could not intrude upon feelings evidently too sacred for voluntary expression.

So days and months glided on, and the time for my final return home drew near. Among other objects of interest, which I wished to visit before leaving the State, was the prison, situated in a neighboring town. It was therefore decided that all the boarding pupils, some fifteen in number, should be allowed to go there, and after examining the various workshops and other apartments open to the inspection of visitors, remain until evening worship.

It was a bright June day when we started on this expedition. The sky bent lovingly over us,—the way-side flowers sent up a smile,—and the air was sweet with the smell of the freshly-mown grass. We were a light-hearted group, and our spirits bounded with the life of all things round us. The thought of our gloomy destination seemed never to shade our gladness, for we went as we would go to any other exhibition. Like other careless ones, we needed a directing word, to make us feel that we were not on our way to see a cage of wild beasts,—but human beings, once children and youth like ourselves, and then perhaps as free from sin and vice. Lillis Robinson was with us, but in our gaiety we did not observe the more deeply-saddened look she wore that afternoon. Once or twice, I did note it sufficiently to rally her upon her quietness; but I saw that my non-

sense pained her, and I ceased. From the revelations of after years, I learned the heaviness of spirit with which she accompanied us. She did not wish to go: but finding that her presence was deemed necessary by the principals, yielded to their request. Only once did she chide our mirth, and that was when we drew near the prison. We were laughing gaily; when we suddenly turned a corner, and the gloomy walls were before us: "Don't laugh here, dear girls, don't;"—and the words came in such a beseeching tone, that we were silenced. The exterior of the prison building was quite fine; that is, it looked large, and strong, and expensive. The deep yard in front was neat, and everything around had a thriving look. Alas! it might, full well, for that was the most flourishing institution in the county.

Having passed through a hall, which separated the body of the prison from a range of private apartments, appropriated to the use of the warden and his family, we entered an anteroom, in which a constant guard was stationed. Its walls were decorated with various instruments of death: swords of different lengths, guns, rifles, and pistols; and here and there handcuffs and fetters were lying around. These called forth the usual number of feminine exclamations, which in turn excited a smile of contempt in the burly guard, who seemed to take pride in them, as the accompaniments of his office. Here we paid the ordinary exhibition fee, and a subordinate officer prepared to accompany us round the prison.

Through a heavy iron door, furnished with a grate for observation, we entered an immense apartment, in the centre of which were the ranges of cells, one tier above another, built of brick, and whitewashed on the outside; this cleanly color furnishing a strong contrast to the black doors and iron gratings of each cell. The rest of the room formed a kind of continuous, stone-paved hall around this congeries of cells. The guide took us round the whole circuit, that we might see the lodging-places of criminals. He pointed out the cells of the most noted felons, and we looked wonderingly into them, as if the bare, blank walls could reveal the history of their inmates. From this place we passed to the different workshops, where the men were then engaged. As if it were not enough that our prying, eager gaze was fastened on them, like an alien race, some thoughtless girl would now and then forget the silence imposed, and whisper her comments on their parti-colored dress, and automaton-like movements. I was glad to leave them, and go on to the chapel and hospital. In passing from the latter, we espied several isolated cells, two or three of which were occupied. From one of these, we were startled to hear a sound between a groan and a cry, the most hideous possible. At this, our

guide stopped; and telling us to look in, informed us, that it was a crazy foreigner, many years before convicted of the inhuman murder of a boy; but who escaped the death-penalty, from the indications of hopeless insanity which appeared on the trial. For safe keeping, he was sent to this prison; there to linger out the most miserable of existences. "He is an awful creature," said the man, "just hear him." So he thrust in a stick, and began touching the prisoner with it. Already irritated by strange faces, the man was almost maddened by this treatment; and flying from his pallet, dashed round the cell like an unchained beast. The guide looked at us, as if for an acknowledgment of this gratuitous exhibition; but we were heart-sick, and glad to escape. Some of us did not wish to remain in the building any longer; and Miss Robinson begged us to go; but evening worship would soon commence, and the majority prevailed on us to stay.

The prayer-bell rang; the convicts dropped their work, and came out into the open space, enclosed by the shops. There they stood in orderly lines, while the chaplain offered a short and simple prayer; in which, no doubt, many of them joined with pure and humble faith. During this time, we were obliged to remain in the little guard-room which we first entered, and could only look through the iron grating of the door, and one partially-obscured window, which opened on the yard. Of course, we saw but imperfectly what was passing within.

The prayer ended, the prisoners were searched to detect any concealed weapons; and then formed themselves into a procession, and began marching into the unoccupied space around their cells. It was their custom to enter thus, and pass down to a closet, from which their food was given to them in little wooden trenchers. So they now came, two by two, with that peculiar, clicking tread, known as the lock-step. The silence was unbroken, save by this single noise. Most of those in the long line passed us without raising their heads. It was plain that they shrunk from the gaze of strangers. A few of the more hardened cast side-long glances toward the grate through which we were looking. Lillis Robinson stood next to me, and she had passed her arm around my waist, as if to aid in keeping her position. Suddenly, her hand grasped mine, in a quick, tight pressure; and a cry broke from her lips, so eager and piercing, that even the convicts paused instinctively, and looked toward us to seek the cause.

Of course all was confusion on our side of the grate. I do not know how long our friend remained insensible, but it seemed an age. Anxiety for her health, and curiosity as to the cause of her emotion, were rival feelings in our minds.

To our disappointment, the mystery was not explained immediately upon her return to consciousness. We were all sent away, and she had a long interview with Mrs. Williams, alone;—then the warden was called in, a strange person, we thought, to benefit one in her condition; and finally, as if to excite us to the highest point, we saw her leave the room to which she had been carried, and, accompanied by Mrs. Williams and the warden, pass again to the guard-room, from which she had so recently been borne. What we thought and felt, meantime, is of no importance. The intimacies of subsequent years revealed to me the minute circumstances of that event, which were then unknown.

Lillis Robinson did not only pass once more into the guard-room, but through it, and so on, still conducted by the warden, until she reached a remote cell. There, unfastening the door, she was admitted within its narrow walls, and the massive lock was turned upon her. She did not heed the echo which that sound sent through the hall; and triple gates might have been barred without attracting her notice. Twilight came faintly through the grating of the door; but these dim rays were enough for the quick vision of love. The cell was already tenanted, and she sprang eagerly toward its lonely occupant. There was no answering step. The prisoner stood leaning against the farthest wall; his face covered with his hands, as if he would not even see his unwonted visitor.

"James! James! dear, dear brother, James! speak to me! I'm your sister!" The words unlocked the poor convict's heart; and in another moment they were clasped in each other's arms—the pure-hearted, forgiving sister, and the polluted, guilty brother.

It is not for other hearts to know the emotions which they experienced in that hour. They were the bitterness and joy with which the stranger "intermeddled not." But little was said at first. They sat down upon the low, hard couch, and wept together. With calmer feelings, came the interchange of their past histories. A separation of ten long years had wrought many changes. Their father and mother had died broken-hearted, by the conduct of this wayward son; though this Lillis did not tell him. She did not need to say it; for his own conscience whispered the appalling truth. After this sad intelligence, Lillis recounted her own story—the gloominess of the old homestead, which she had left so far behind, in the hope that new scenes and duties would dim the painful associations that made her shun it. He looked at her sable dress, and asked her, why that was worn; and as she hesitated, his own lips supplied the words.

"For me, was n't it, Lillis? I was n't worth

it! indeed I was not. What a wretch I am! How could you come to me? I've thought of you, Lillis, all night long, many and many a time in this dreadful loneliness, and, God forgive me! I hoped, too, you were dead. I did not wish to feel that there was anything living to be made wretched by my conduct. I thought I could bear it alone."

Then he went on to narrate the circumstances in which he had committed crime—the desertion of home—the bad society in which he had mingled—the love of gaming, which had grown up with other dissipated habits—the consequent want of money—the infatuation which led to forgery—his detection—his trial—his condemnation—and finally, the years of imprisonment which had followed. From first to last, he had been known by an assumed name; and, remote from his birth-place, had hoped, that his friends would never know of his crime and punishment. Death had spared all near to him, in this great trial, but his sister; the one whom even his erring youth loved best. Providence brought them together again, for wiser ends than man would have wrought out.

"So you knew me through the grate, did you, Lillis?" said the brother. "I heard your cry, and thought the voice was like one I knew long ago. I did n't know why; but I thought, too, of our old home, and the trees around it, and many other familiar things. It seemed as if I were a boy again, just for the moment we stood there, after you fell; but when the keepers made us go on, and I glanced at my hateful dress, I felt as if I had never been a child, and had no business to think of what innocent people feel, who are not caged in prisons, and exhibited to the public day after day. A few minutes before you came in, they told me you were coming, Lillis, and that you were the one whose voice I heard from the guard-room, and that you knew me among felons, and for the moment, I hated you for being there, I did n't mean to speak to you—forgive me now; but you can never know how my soul has cankered over the thought, that I was a daily spectacle for strangers,—shown off with my poor fellows. I've tried to shun their prying gaze; but they only looked the more curiously at me, as if they would worry out all the manliness left in my nature. I know I've done wrong, Lillis, and I trust that God has accepted my repentance; but sometimes, it has seemed to me, as if my fellow-men were determined to wear out the image of God in my soul. But for the lonely night-time and the Sabbath, I should have died long ago; not for the rest from labor which they brought—but the heart chafing was topped awhile. So I felt the old hate stirred, when your company of glad-hearted girls came round; a I ground my

teeth together in pain, when the word came that I had been a show and a mockery to one of my own flesh and blood, and her gay friends. I wronged you, Lillis, and I bless you now, that you have come to me."

It seemed but an instant from their time of meeting, when the warden, who had lingered near, again opened the door to separate them. It seemed but an instant; and yet, what had they not done toward cancelling the past, and building up their happiness anew.

* * * * *

From that day, Lillis Robinson was a changed being. It was known in school that she had discovered a friend among the prisoners, and that was all; so that it was difficult for most persons to understand the alteration in her appearance and manner. A healthier hue was breathed over her cheek; her step grew lighter, and her sweet voice was oftener heard. The black robes, too, were laid aside, in such a manner as not to excite observation. Not a week passed that she did not visit the prison. Of course, she could not be allowed to see her brother alone; but the attendant had such a kind way of being present, that they communicated to each other their hopes and plans for the future, with little care for their listener.

So passed the remaining term of his imprisonment; his spirit lightened by the devotion of his sister. She had come to him in the right moment. Before seeing her, he did not care to go forth into the world again. He felt that a brand was on him—that the vile history of his crime was written all over his face; and that he could henceforth live only with such outcasts as had shared his prison home. Indeed, he dreaded

the time, when the heavy doors should swing upon their hinges, and the world lie open before him again. The chaplain had often been with him, and talked of his future prospects; his hope of leading a better life, and the sustaining power of Christian faith. But all seemed cold and unreal, when he was left alone, with the ever-present, sickening consciousness, of ill desert, and the harsh judgments of men. He felt that innocence has a strength to bear trials, which guilt can never know; and as he thought of the inevitable hardships of his future lot, it seemed as if there was no power to keep him in the right path. He needed the cheering voice of love; the restraining influence of a true, deep affection;—the feeling that he was not uncared for and alone. The isolation of spirit which he had hitherto known, had been like a death-chill to all his good impulses. In the new atmosphere around him, they strengthened to principle.

* * * * *

A year since, I stood by the graves of both sister and brother. No church-yard monuments were round them; but old forest trees, which had scarce looked on civilization, until they came to dwell beneath their shade. Nor were kindred near them. The bitter past had buried its own dead for them; and when they began the new and better life, which grew out of the old experience, it was in a new and distant home; not in the wilderness, but apart from the haunts of men. It was a lonely, but beautiful spot; and I did not wonder that they chose their last resting place where their renewed being had most felt the sweet influences of nature, and, still more, the ministry of love.

TO A BIRD, SINGING.

BY J. CLEMENT.

WHILE shines along each dewy glade the early light of day,
And Zephyrus his breath suspends as if to catch thy lay;
I listen to its mellow notes, that charm each living thing,
Till every chord within my heart thrills like a music string.

Thou knowest not how *many* souls are gladdened by thy song;
Thou knowest not how *much* the strains the listener's joy prolong;
Thou feelest that their melody *some* pleasure must impart,
And pouring it in rivers, thou a glorious charmer art.

Thou art the blest embodiment, the sacred soul of Song—
A happy little melodist, above that dost belong,
Here strayed awhile to teach how sweet the music heaven supplies,
And stealing all our thoughts from earth to lure us to the skies.



LADY CLARE.

BY ELIZABETH EMMET.

WHERE the torn branches of a wind-bowed oak
Check the swift current in its onward speed,
Leap the wild waters like a newly-broke
And bridle-spurning captive prairie-steed,
There lurk beneath the rank and yielding hedge
Of tall reeds wrestling with the wind at play,
Foul reptiles peeping through the weedy sedge,
Half bent to spring upon their heedless prey.

Above, bright glimpses of the purest blue;
Around, the fir trees' sombre depth of shade,
Save where some sapling of a brighter hue,
Starts from the covert as if half afraid.
Retreat of nature in her musing mood,
When shunning life's false incense and its glare,
She yields to its lone stillness, wholly wooed
By the untrammelled worship offered there.

To this rude bourn by all save her unknown,
With faltering step, and half-dishevelled hair,
With troubled glances wildly round her thrown,
Comes the young dreamer, lovely Lady Clare.
Weaving of shattered thoughts strange fantasies,
Duping her innocent and bleeding heart
With baseless joys whose spirit-forms she sees,
And, woe for her, most spirit-like depart.

As clouds across the landscape, o'er her face
Disjointed thoughts now darken or leave bright,
While meteor-hopes, with their deluding chase,
Gleam through the darkness of her mental night.
She comes with beaming brow as oft before,
When life threw garlands 'neath her buoyant feet,—
She comes, and deems her eager step once more
Another springing tread will fondly meet.

When the dim belfry from its ivied wall
Sent forth a requiem for the early slain,
The gathered mourners in the ancient hall
Spoke of the dead to that young heart in vain.
With vacant eye she watched the funeral train,
Then kissed young Hubert's scarf with blood defiled,
Clasped her cold hands upon her burning brain,
Gazed on his wounded form and strangely smiled.

She comes, and deems his lengthened sleep is past;
She culls wild blossoms in her childish glee,
And joyously she smiles to think at last,
Young Hubert from his prison-house is free.
With deathless hope, and love that knows no chill,
Keeping her lone tryst by that blasted tree,
Listening for footsteps that have long been still,
Whose joyous bounding never more can be.

Cold fell the mist around their trysting tree,
And darker grew the fir trees' sombre shade.
Yet still she lingers, wondering that he
Should thus forget the promise he has made.
Night deepened round the lonely watcher there,
Her kinsmen marvel at her long delay,
Then seek with anxious hearts, and trace her where
A clue of blossoms her retreat betray.

Upon the sod her pallid cheek was laid,
And sculptured in the marble chill of death,
The smile that round her parted lips had played
When fled the Spirit with her passing breath.
Oh, not in vain her last fond vigil there!
The pitying angel o'er her sorrows wept,
And bore her to that blissful region, where
His unforgotten tryst young Hubert kept.

"IT GROWS AS IT GOES."

An Occurrence in Real Life.

BY MRS. E. F. ELLET



THERE, sir, take that for your sauciness," cried the beautiful Ellen Stanley to her husband; accompanying her exclamation

with a slap on his cheek, from the whitest and softest hand in the world.

The young wife had been exhibiting with great pride, a new baby-dress she had just finished, wrought with her own delicate fingers, and the work entirely of her own taste and skill. The neat pattern of embroidery which had cost her so much trouble to draw—the leaves and sprigs, so like nature in their form—the tiny wreaths which a fairy might have woven;—such an exquisite specimen of feminine art as it was! and such a Goth and Vandal as Mr. Stanley was, to answer her demand for his admiration, by making fun of it; and telling her, she might have laid out her month's labor in something better!

Mr. Stanley loved to tease his wife a little now and then; and when he saw the playful curl of her lip, he went on laughing at the dress still more unmercifully, till his naughtiness was punished by the accolade and the exclamation recorded.

Another personage in the group was an infant about eighteen months old, who, wakened by the talking, sat up in its crib, and looked from one to the other of its parents; when the father, pretending to weep bitterly at the chastisement he

had received, appealed to the boy's compassion with a lachrymose, "Isn't my darling Henry sorry for poor papa?" The little one appeared to enter into the spirit of the joke; for, after a moment's attention, he burst into laughter, and clapped his hands with childish merriment.

A fourth occupant of the room, did not seem so perfectly to understand what was going on. Old Elsie, the colored nurse, was sitting quietly at her work in a corner, but dropped it, and looked up, when she heard the mock-sobbing, her large eyes dilating with astonishment. The voice of her mistress bidding her take the child down to give him his supper, roused her from her lethargic surprise, and she obeyed in silence.

Ellen Stanley was the ideal of a young wife. Taken when but a child in years, from the home of a father who idolized her, to be the presiding angel in the household of one to whom she had given her pure heart, she carried into the matron all the graces of the blooming girl. The goodness of her heart, and the sunny joyousness of her disposition, overflowed in a thousand acts of artless gaiety. She sang to every capricious melody as it came into her head; she laughed at all times, when there was cause and when there was not. Her motion was almost a dance when she moved through the house; and her smile, bright and cheerful as the sunshine, was nearly as constant. Ever active, because she found it tedious to be unemployed, and a most exemplary housewife, she was

"The blithest bee
That ever wrought in hive;"

and altogether the lightest, brightest, most graceful, most winsome creature, that ever man won to be the idol of his domestic sanctuary. Her husband called her his fay, and bestowed on her all poetical epithets of admiration and fondness; for no name that was not poetical and melodious would have suited to express her innocent loveliness. With the gifts nature had bestowed, she united a rare cultivation; her father had trained her mind in all the studies which are the higher branches of female education; and of the

accomplishments she was thoroughly mistress. Indeed, they came naturally to her; and lessons were useful, chiefly, in repressing the wild gaiety she infused into everything she did; especially her musical performances—if such they might be called—which were outbursts as impulsive and spontaneous as the song of the mocking-bird of her native clime.

Sweet Ellen! As yet, she had known no sorrow; and if beauty and goodness could have turned aside the shaft that enters the bosom of every mortal, she would have passed her happy life in a perpetual round of joy!

But there is an arrow, swifter and more cruel than the shaft of woe: it is winged and barbed by hate, and its aim is ever the young, trusting and loving heart: it is sped by the hand of envy!

The morning after the little occurrence we have mentioned, old Elsie might have been seen, with a basket on her head, entering a garden-gate belonging to a neat-looking white house, with green blinds, overrun with luxuriant climbing roses, about half a mile from her master's residence. Passing through the yard, she ascended the steps of the piazza, and entered the house. In the back room were seated two middle-aged ladies, of spare figure and grave aspect. There was an asperity in the expression of both, and a primness of demeanor, usually associated with the idea of an old maid; yet, Miss Hannah and Miss Winifred Linwark would have highly resented being called such. They still recounted their conquests, and were indefatigable frequenters of balls, concerts and parties.

"Come forward, mom Elsie, and show us what you have in that basket," said Miss Hannah.

The old negress set down her load; and, removing a snow-white napkin, displayed with no little pride, a store of fresh figs and flowers, sent by her young mistress to Mr. Stanley's cousins, the Misses Linwark. It was a daily habit with Ellen, to send fruit and bouquets from her garden to her relatives; but these were far choicer than usual; for the Misses Linwark were to give a tea-party that evening. At the bottom of the basket was a round box, which contained a large cake, covered with delicate icing, beautifully wrought in various devices: around its edge was a minute wreath of natural flowers.

Expressions of surprise and admiration passed, as they always did in that locality, into searching questions, not only respecting the household management of Mrs. Stanley; but her goings out and comings in; her sayings and her silence; her commissions and omissions; her every word and action; nay, her thoughts; for in all these the Misses Linwark had a profound interest. The replies of the servant were delivered with an oracular air of mystery; and with divers nods, ges-

tures and half-uttered sentences; which were readily interpreted by the ingenuity of the maiden ladies. They had kept up, by means of Elsie and some other servants, a regular system of *espionage* over Ellen, ever since her marriage.

Of course, the little incident of the preceding evening was not forgotten. The spinsters held up their hands, and uplifted their eyes, in one accord of amazement.

"A blow!" exclaimed the petrified Miss Winifred.

"Poor Henry!" cried Miss Hannah; "what did he do, Elsie?"

"Ki, Miss Hannah, he cry hard for true, an beg for mercy," answered the black woman.

"Dreadful! horrible!" exclaimed both the sisters in a breath.

"To think of her proceeding to that! And he so slight and delicate; and she so tall and strong! I always had a kind of fear of her. She beat him several times you say, mom Elsie? And he cried for help! And she sent you out of the room with the child? How dreadful! She will kill him one of these days. Poor Henry! what shall be done to save him?"

The groans and exclamations of the Misses Linwark wrought powerfully upon the imagination of the old woman; and she expatiated to their heart's content, upon the horrors of the scene. "Young missus was an awful woman, for true; and made mass' Henry ac just as she pleased. Poor massa! enty him cry, and beg her for hab pity, when she gwine kill him an beat him 'bout de head; un he face all swell up! He look like he bin murder dis mornin. Poor massa! he no long for dis wul'—dat de trute for true!"

When mom Elsie departed on her walk homeward, it was with a more stately gait, and a head more elevated than usual; muttering to herself, and gesticulating at intervals; and at other times closing her mouth with a forced compression, as an indication that she was in possession of some secret she was determined not to reveal. She strictly obeyed the injunctions of the Misses Linwark, to keep silence regarding what had passed between them.

The tea-party took place; and there was Ellen, looking like a fairy, in her dress of white muslin, falling around her symmetrical form, with an airy and floating grace, that rendered every movement a study for an artist. Her redundant hair was simply parted over her temples, and reposed in a massive braid; the bloom of youth and happiness was on her cheek; she looked exquisitely lovely, and was the admired of all observers. She little dreamed, that while she was talking and laughing in the gaiety of her heart, with any acquaintance who chanced to be near, a tale of scandal was passing around the rooms; repeated

to group after group by the Misses Linwark, and whispered in turn by those who heard, until it was almost the sole subject of conversation. She heard not the exclamations of wonder and indignation; nor noticed the curious looks fastened on her. Nor did Henry suspect anything from the unusually tender attentions of his cousins; from their solicitous remarks that he did not look at all well; that he was growing thinner and paler every day; that his face appeared to be swollen, and his eye inflamed; and that Miss Winifred was going to send him a preparation of her own, for all manner of bruises and contusions.

The next day, the whole circle of the acquaintance of the Misses Linwark were in the full tide of talk respecting the information they had received at the party. The walks and drives that were taken, and the calls long due that were paid—to discuss the matter! It was curious to hear how many different versions the story received in its propagation—each "on the very best authority."

To mention the various versions of the tale, and the sundry embellishments it received in its progress, would be a task too great for our pen. It spread far and wide—as usual in such cases—before the parties most concerned heard a word of the matter. The anxious inquiries as to his health, and hints that he had better travel, which were bestowed on Henry, caused no suspicion in his mind; while Ellen was too happy and too much occupied to observe the demeanor of sundry of her acquaintance. At length a letter from one of her old friends, who had heard and believed the story, and wrote to remonstrate against such unwomanly and indecorous behaviour, and advise reformation for the future—roused Ellen from her blissful ignorance. A few inquiries and explanations, and she was informed of the whole.

Not long after, invitations were issued for a large party, to be given in honor of Mrs. Stanley's birthday. Those who had been most violent in their asseverations that they would not again visit Ellen, were most eager to accept her invitation. The rooms were crowded. The Misses Linwark in their rustling silks, were among the first arrivals.

Mrs. Stanley, with her accustomed grace and elegance, did the honors, dispensing courtesies and attentions to every guest. When the evening was nearly concluded, she led the way to the supper room. After the company had been served, and had returned to the drawing-room, Mr. Stanley called their attention, and observed that his wife had something to say.

Ellen felt it was not a time for embarrassment; and with a heightened color and a manner that showed both feeling and perfect self-possession, she entered at once upon the subject. Only in one matter, she said, was there any alloy to her

pleasure in welcoming her friends on occasion of this, her eighteenth birth-day. This matter, she was resolved, should now be set right. She then detailed the story as it had come to her knowledge; and demanded, first of one, then of another, his or her authority for the various statements that had been made.

It was not difficult, with Ellen's dignity and determination, to trace the tale in its serpentine windings; and to fix it at last upon the Misses Linwark. The spinsters wriggled in their chairs, and looked the picture of uneasiness; but they resolved to put a bold face on the business; and accordingly declared, that old Elsie had given them the information.

Elsie was summoned. She came dressed in her best gown, of brown ground with crimson flowers; her head covered with a yellow turban. She curtsied right and left to the company; and advanced to the spot where her mistress stood.

"Elsie," said Mrs. Stanley, "these ladies say you came to them, the morning of the sixteenth of July last; and said I had cruelly beaten your master the evening before. Is this true?"

The old woman opened her mouth and eyes, but made no reply. Miss Hannah and Miss Winifred rose indignantly; declaring they would not be confronted with a servant.

"Be seated, ladies," said Mrs. Stanley calmly. "You did not scruple to make assertions on the authority of this woman, and must now submit to hear her questioned. Speak, Elsie, and have no fear; but speak the simple truth."

"May de Lor' hab mercy upon me!" ejaculated the negress. "I will speak de honest trute, massa; for ole Satan bin hab me in his power ebber since I tole dat lie 'bout my missus. You see, massa, dey ladies ax me big heap o' questions ebbery day, 'bout you and Miss Ellen, and put all sort o' tings in my poor head. But dat no excuse for ole Elsie, for tell wicked lie 'bout her good, kind missus!"

"This is too much!" exclaimed Miss Hannah—"sister, let us go."

"Go on, Elsie," said Ellen; while her husband stood in the way of his irritated cousins.

To be brief: the whole matter was explained to the delight of the penitent old nurse, and the confusion of those among the guests who had been most active in spreading the calumny. The Misses Linwark were highly incensed at this exposure of their malignity; and rejected the forgiveness offered by Ellen and her husband. But they dared not give vent to their vexation by any more slanders. For six months, they actually held their tongues; and the penance evinced such a depth of mortification, that Ellen pitied as well as pardoned them. Her presents of fruit and flowers were resumed; the spinsters

were invited to her family dinner-parties ; and all was again on a friendly footing between them.

I do not know that the Misses Linwark profited long by the severe lesson they received. But

others took it to heart ; and the foregoing record of unembellished facts, may be a warning to gossips in general.

TO THE AMERICAN MUSE.

BY J. HAGEN.

COLUMBIA'S muse ! awake, awake,
Arouse thee, spirit of the free !
A height none else may dare to take,
On glory's mount, awaiteth thee !

Hope of the nations ! round thy brow
No wreath of fading laurels twine,
To meaner gods let others bow,
Be the Eternal, only, thine.

Free as becomes thy heavenly birth,
Let thy broad pinions be unfurled,
Spurning the chains which bind to earth
Thy sisters of the older world.

Drawn from the dead and mouldering past,
Let not thy inspiration be ;
A field more fruitful, and more vast,
The breathing world presents to thee.

Traditions false, and fables old,
Cast in oblivion's endless night ;
And let the astonished world behold
Herself in truth's unchanging light.

Let not the warrior's reeking blade
Be consecrated in thy song ;
But to the arts of peace be paid,
The honors which to them belong.

Inspire the hardy sons of toil
With love of justice, love of worth,
Until the craven men of spoil
No more shall brutalize the earth.

Desert not that devoted band,
Who, foremost in the glorious fight,
Are bravely battling, heart and hand,
For human freedom, human right.

Strengthen the bonds of brotherhood
Which man for man begins to feel :
Tell each, he seeks the greatest good,
Who labors for the public weal.

Probe to its inmost core, the heart,
And lay its sacred fountains bare,
Until the streams of love shall start,
Which lie 'neath falsehood buried there.

Nations for ages wrapt in night,
Where freedom's day begins to dawn,
Are list'ning for thy voice of might,
Thy voice of truth, to cheer them on.

Let not corruption make of thee,
A pensioned and a pampered slave ;
Thou, who God's messenger shouldst be,
To raise the fallen, lost to save !

Thine is a mission holy, high,
The shackled soul to disenthral !
Mar not thy lofty destiny,
O, be not recreant to the call !

Spurn, spurn the meed by tyrants craved,
And ever let thy glory be,—
Not that thou hast a world enslaved,
But that thou hast a world made free.

THE SUBJECT OF MR. LONGFELLOW'S NEW POEM.

BY EVELINA R——.

So much of the charm of *Evangeline* is derived from the very foundation of the narrative—the simple dignity and earnestness of the characters, and the deep religious tone of the interest, that we are surprised Mr. Longfellow did not in a note, or elsewhere, give his readers the historical fact which inspired him with so exquisite an ideal picture. There are many, doubtless, who have never read the cruel story, and such will be glad to see it in a few words, condensed from the best authority on the subject. To our thinking, the historical accuracy of Mr. Longfellow's picture enhances its beauty. The fact, as given by Haliburton in his history of Nova Scotia, is, in brief, as follows :

Some dispute existing between the English and the French, respecting the territorial limits of both parties, the region about Hudson's Bay, and the province of Acadie, since called Nova Scotia, to settle the matter, were ceded to Great Britain, in 1713.

Acadie was inhabited by an excellent French population. When these good people found their country yielded to England, and themselves no longer subjects of the French king, they were grieved to be forced to acknowledge another master. They knew that the French and English were hostile to each other, and they dreaded to be compelled, some time or other, to take up arms against Frenchmen ; they, therefore, entreated the English that they might never be forced to so painful a service, and might be excused from taking the oath of allegiance.

This request received no special attention, but, for a time, a kind forbearance was exercised towards them. After a period of forty years, the English government came to the conclusion that these neutral French, as they were called, might become dangerous to their interests by taking part with the Canadian French, their active enemies. On account of this presumed danger, without the least alleged provocation, or the least show of justice, they took upon themselves to drive out of their possessions this peaceable, prosperous, and unoffending people.

The Acadians had no warning of their fate. At harvest time they were ordered to assemble in a certain district, and being collected, were informed they were prisoners,—that their lands, cattle, and moveables were no longer their own, but were confiscated by government,—that they might take

what they could convey away, but must immediately quit the province.

In one single district, two hundred and fifty-five houses, as many barns, eleven mills, and one church, were destroyed. Ships were in readiness to convey the persecuted Acadians to different parts of the Continent,—to Louisiana, to French Guiana in South America, and to distant places in the, then, British Provinces on the Atlantic.

These people had been remarkable for their industry, their skilful husbandry, their pure morals, and their exemplary piety. Their lands produced wheat and corn, potatoes and flax, abundantly. Their houses were convenient, and furnished with all things necessary to comfort. Their numerous flocks afforded the wool which was manufactured in the family for their clothing. They had no paper money, and little silver or gold ; and lived by simple exchange of commodities. So little contention arose among them, that courts and lawyers were needless ; the wise and experienced decided their small differences. They were Catholics ; the priests drew up their public acts, wrote their wills, and kept possession of the documents, until death called for the execution of them. To requite these services, the inhabitants allowed them one twenty-seventh of the harvest for their subsistence.

At the time of the dispersion, the Acadians were 18,000 in number. No want existed among them ; the poor were few, and the prosperous cheerfully supported those. These unfortunate people were the victims of their own integrity. Had they taken the oath which demanded of them to violate the best affections, they might have retained their houses, their fields, and their flocks. Their good feelings demanded only the innocent liberty of neutrality.

In September, 1755, Colonel Winslow, an officer, usually resident at Marshfield, Plymouth County, Massachusetts, was sent with the King's Commission, to demolish the property of the neutrals, and to expel them, without exception, from the province. Colonel Winslow deeply regretted that he should be employed in this cruel service. He knew, so he said, that they were of " the same species " with himself, and " it was disagreeable to his make and temper " to inflict pain. His first measure, on landing at St. Pré, was to make prisoners of several hundreds of the

most considerable of the men of the settlement. "In consequence of their earnest entreaties, the prisoners were permitted, ten at once, to return to visit their wretched families, and to look, for the last time, upon their beautiful fields, and their loved and lost homes."

These unhappy men bore their misfortune with firmness, until they were ordered on board the transport ship, to be dispersed among people whose customs, language, and religion, were opposed to all they held dear and sacred.

On the 16th of September, the prisoners were drawn up six deep; and the young men, one hundred and sixty in number, were ordered to go on board the vessels. They refused to do this, unless their families might be permitted to accompany them. This was denied, and the soldiers were ordered to do their duty. The wretched Acadians no longer resisted, but marched from the chapel of St. Pré to the ships.

The road from the chapel to the shore, just one mile in length, was crowded with women and children, who, on their knees, and with eyes and hands raised to Heaven, entreated blessings on their young friends, so unmercifully torn from them. Some of the latter broke out into bitter lamentations; others prayed aloud; and another portion sang mournful hymns, as they took their way to the ships. The seniors formed another detachment, and their departure occasioned a similar scene of distress. Other vessels arrived, and their wives and children followed. Their dwellings were burnt before their eyes, and the work of destruction was complete. Eighteen thousand souls were cast forth upon the pitiless world. Desolate and depopulated was the beautiful tract they had occupied: their homes lay smoking in ruins; the cattle, abandoned by their protectors, assembled about the forsaken dwelling-places, anx-

ously seeking their wonted masters; and all night long, the faithful watch-dogs howled for the hands that had fed, and the roofs that had sheltered them.

The distress of one family will serve to exhibit the sufferings of these refugees. There was among them a notary-public, named René Le Blanc. He loved the English. On one occasion, the Indians would have persuaded him to assist them, in an attempt upon the English. He refused, and the Indians, in resentment, made him prisoner, and detained him four years.

At the time of the expulsion, Le Blanc was living at an advanced age. His fidelity to the English, and his sufferings on that account, deserved favor, but he found none. Le Blanc had twenty children, and about one hundred and fifty grandchildren. These were embarked in different vessels, and scattered in different provinces. The unfortunate old man was set ashore in New-York, with his wife, and the two youngest of their children. Love for those that were scattered, led him from one strange city to another. He reached Philadelphia. There he found three of his children, and there, despairing to recover the rest, in penury and sorrow, he sank into his grave. "It may be questioned," says a writer, in the North American Review, "if the history of the world exhibits a more heart-rending incident than the exile of this amiable and unhappy people. When the traveller contemplates the noble dykes reared by their industry; while he walks beneath the shade of their abundant orchards, and stands over the ruins of their cottages, or muses among their graves, his imagination goes back to a scene of rural felicity and purity seldom seen in the world, and his heart melts at the sudden and dreadful fate of the Acadians."

BETTER NEVER LOVE.

BY JOHN S. ADAMS.

BETTER never love,
Than have thy love rejected;
Better never hope,
Than die at last neglected;
Better live alone through life,
Battling with its cares and strife,
Than to live dejected.

Better ne'er have one
Whom thou dost fondly cherish,
Than that one should leave

Thee alone to perish;
Better live through life unknown,
Than to find those hopes all flown
Thou didst fondly cherish.

None can tell the pain
Of a heart forsaken;
Or the woe of him
Who finds himself mistaken.
It were better far to live
Where no eye a glance might give
Joy and Hope to waken.

მომქცევლოთ პეცთობი-
 ლთან, მომქცევოთ ნო-
 როცთა ჰყულოთ ბატანებ
 ჰემთა. ვედილსა ჰყულოთ-
 ბასა, & განმსჭვანუ გულო-
 სსა შინა ჰემსა ს'შინელი
 დღე სიუდილით, & შიში
 გუენისა, & სიუტარული
 სსუთუელით. რათა შევი-
 ნანო ცოდვანებ, &
 ვიქმოდ სიმართლეს:

A PRAYER:

From the Iberian of Clajensis.

BY CALEB LYON, OF LYONSDALE.

Oh, thou that leads the wandering
 From errors dark and vile,
 Imprint upon my wayward soul
 The shadow of thy smile.
 Teach me to fear the pathway dark
 That leadeth from thy shore,
 Where echo songs of righteousness,
 And balmy waters pour.

MY BROWN HULAN.

A Polish Song.

BY J. R. ORTON.

My brown Hulan is far away,
 I know not where he's gone;
 He mounted his fleet war-horse
 And galloped off alone.
 His pistols at his saddle-bow,
 His lance was in his hand,
 And a tear stood in his manly eye
 As he left his father-land.
 I wonder if he thinks of me
 In battle's wild alarms?
 I wonder if he will come back
 And take me to his arms?

For years are gone since I have combed
 His curly raven hair,
 Or sung to him the song he loved
 When he was full of care.
 Oh! noble was my brown Hulan,
 My soldier true and brave!
 His arm was like the strong man's
 To conquer or to save—
 On land or sea, I know not where
 My brown Hulan is gone;
 And this poor heart is weary
 And breaking all alone.

THE GRAND HOUSE IN OUR VILLAGE.

BY CLARENCE ATWELL.

Our village is situated in a beautiful valley. This valley is about a mile in length, and varies from a half to three-quarters of a mile in breadth. It is fenced round with an irregular line of hills, which is broken in three places, where the principal roads pass. On the western side, there is no outlet, and here, the continuous fence of hills is very steep. From this direction, the more scheming people of the valley expect a railroad will come, some day; and, at times, they get so warm with this expectation, as to enjoy the fame of the tunnel through their hill. The south end of the valley is open to a distant view of the sea.

The scenery is enchanting. In spring and summer, it is brimful of the spirit of delicious dreams. Our people are noted for their purity of manners, and their good schools. But they are too busy to dream much. They are, generally, honest, quiet folks, who till the earth, make butter and cheese, and abhor all sorts of "aristocracy."

A few springs ago, the ordinary quiet of the village was somewhat disturbed, by the arrival of new inhabitants. Such an event is always a god-send for the gossips of any country village; but, in the present case, the excitement was unusual, for the new-comers arrived with an imposing equipage, and very plainly assumed to be of no ordinary consequence.

Mr. Jonas Harding was a "retiring merchant." He was a great man, in his own estimation, because he was rich, and he had come to play the nabob in a country village. While putting on the giant's mantle, he doubted not that the giant's power was beneath it. Perhaps he had never heard, that the giant's mantle did not contain the whole virtue of the giant's greatness. He was sure the simple villagers would treat him with great reverence. They would at once elect him to all the chief offices. He should become a judge. That country district would immediately send him to Congress. Mr. Harding's good qualities had never had fair play. While acquiring money, he had failed to acquire intelligence or refinement. His good qualities were like sick trout in a frog pond. He knew nothing beyond the arts by which he had made money; and his lofty ignorance was none the less unlovely, for being set up to view, in the temple of pride, on a golden pedestal.

Mrs. Harding was a "lady," born and bred; that is to say, she was born in the city, and grew to womanhood under the care of a mother, who had kept her eyes turned toward the circles of extreme fashion, as to the summits of the delectable mountains, or the bowers of Paradise. She had married Mr. Harding because he was rich, and because, after manœuvring ten years, she despaired of doing better. She had flirted with dandies, and waltzed with whiskered foreigners; she had repeatedly visited the springs for her health; she had spent two winters in Washington; she had dressed, and sighed, and done her best to be sentimental: but all in vain. When she stood at the marriage altar, her strongest emotion was resentment against fate. Why, she had believed a god would come in a cloud of ambrosial things, from the heaven to which her eyes had been turned so anxiously, and bear her away, swooning with rapture on his bosom; and, now, to have caught only this Jonas Harding! But he was very rich. That was something; and, with commendable philosophy, she resolved to make the best of it. Mr. Harding, who had never succeeded well as a dandy, revered her as a "finished lady;" and she had spirit and tact enough, not only to have her own way, but, also, to govern him when she chose to do it.

They had three children, two daughters and a son. This son did not come with them to Elmvale. He was then in college, where his father had placed him, guided partly by some vague notion of learning, as a genteel accomplishment, though chiefly by the mother's persuasion that her son was a genius.

Mr. Henri Alphonse Jules Fitzwilliam Howard Harding resembled his mother in person, as well as in some qualities of mind. Before he was able to speak, she had discovered in him the indications of wonderful talents. As he grew older, she saw these indications more clearly; and, in talking the matter over with her confidential friends, often regretted that Mr. Harding was not an English nobleman, that her son's future career, assisted by a title, might be as dazzling as Byron's. You smile, perhaps; but she was never more sincere.

The new inhabitants were, at length, fully established in their "grand house," as the people of the village named it; but the airs they displayed

in their intercourse with their neighbors, began to win them anything but warm-hearted respect. If Mr. Harding and his family had been wise enough to place themselves in true relations with the people around them, they might have found, in this charming village, some of the purest and richest enjoyments of life. What means did their wealth offer, for all the beautiful ministries of good will! But they came on purpose to assume a false relation; and their appearance in the place was like the breaking out of a cancer. The social health was disturbed. They failed to bless themselves, while they occasioned much that was unlovely in others.

In the latter part of summer, the family at the grand house invited the few of our people on whom they deigned to cast a glance, half-patronizing, half-social, to meet their son, on his arrival from college. This event occasioned no little gossip, and no small flutter in the minds of several young ladies who were invited. Miss Sophia Green had become acquainted with the Misses Harding, and pretended to an intimacy with them. Sophia's weak mother was predisposed to the social disease of the new neighbors, and had, of late, frequently found occasion to observe that her husband was a justice of the peace, and the owner of two farms. She began to add also, that her uncle Stevens was very wealthy. Miss Sophia dressed herself for the party with great care, thinking, the while, that Mr. Henri's sisters would surely prepare him to make her the chief object of his attention.

Meanwhile, let us turn our attention elsewhere. A small river winds through the valley. Up this stream, nearly half a mile from the meeting-house, and some forty rods from the road, there is a kind of bower, formed of luxuriant grape-vines, and a high rock. While Miss Sophia was at her mirror, arranging her pretty face, an over-dressed young man might have been seen walking down the stream toward this bower. He had just left a carriage, which was now passing on to the village. This was the expected son. He had left the carriage, with the consciousness of his genius, which, on his arrival, he presumed, should vindicate itself by getting enchanted with the scenery of the place, which he had been told was very beautiful.

He walked on, thinking of eyes in "fine frenzy rolling," and trying to work his own eyes up to this frenzy movement, until he came to the bower. Here, he had a vision, which suddenly changed his mood, and woke an interest, in which there was not the slightest tinge of affectation.

He beheld, a young maiden, reclined in the shade of the grape-vines, and occupied with a

book. Her bonnet lay on the grass, and her glossy brown hair hung in ringlets about her shoulders. She and the foliage together, seemed like a picture, just starting and softening into life. Her form, her attitude, her whole appearance, were enough to change the mood of a wiser man. His quiet approach had not drawn her attention, and, for some minutes, he stood gazing at her, as if enchanted. At length her eye caught the intruder. With a quick blush, she snatched her bonnet and started to her feet.

Whatever may have been the ordinary tone of Henri's manners, a sudden fascination, as if he felt the power of a superior being, now gave to his manner the appearance of timid and delicate respect. He introduced himself, and asked permission to walk with the young lady to the village. This short walk increased the spell. She was a beautiful creature, and he had never before seen a face that had more of the indescribable witchery that springs from unconscious beauty of intellect, blended with artless modesty, and spontaneous self-respect; a witchery which may be lost, but can never be imitated, or manufactured at the toilet. Henri ventured to ask what book she had been reading.

"Spenser's Faerie Queen," she replied.

"Spenser's Faerie Queen!" he echoed, "Oh, I have seen that book. It is in the library of our Society; I must take it out and read it next term. Let me see. It is about the heavenly Una, and her milk white lamb. Was n't she a shepherdess? and did n't a great prince fall in love with her? and did n't he finally marry her, and become a shepherd, and raise a flock of sheep from her lamb?"

Henri's genius had undertaken the story. The maiden was silent. In fact, she struggled to repress a burst of laughter. She was a strange girl, after all. She could not well prevent his walking with her to the village; but somehow he felt himself unequal to the familiarity of asking her name. He could not get a step beyond that dissertation on the Faerie Queen.

Henri reached home so full of this adventure, that he forgot to be cordial in his greetings. At evening, when the company began to appear, he watched every arrival, but the beautiful girl did not come. He was vexed, and, turning to his mother, asked,

"Are they all here?"

"Yes, all we invited. Some of these, perhaps, ought to have been left out. But the best of them are really so barbarous, that any selection is almost intolerable."

"There are better people in the village."

"No, I have invited the very best."

"I tell you, there are better people here than any you have invited."

Henri's mood did not contribute to enliven the party. He did not fascinate the visitors. They generally thought what the physician's wife said: "He is just like the rest of them."

But Henri had condescended to converse with Sophia Green, fifteen minutes; and during that time, said some things that nearly turned her head. She had asked, with what she thought the most lady-like modulation of voice imaginable,—

"How do you like our village, Mr. Harding?"

"Oh, it is a gorgeous place! Romantic trees! Splendid hills! Glorious rocks! and I have found here the most glorious girl I ever saw."

"Indeed! she will be proud of your admiration. What is her name? or is that a secret?"

"I cannot tell her name now; but I shall remember her as long as I live."

Sophia took all this to herself; and lay awake half the night, thinking how fine it would be to marry Henri, and live like the people at the grand house. What would her companions say? She went so far as to settle in her mind how to demean herself, and what to say, when introduced to his fashionable acquaintances in New-York. And she would go to Europe with him; for his sisters had said it was fashionable to finish a bridal by travelling in Europe.

The next three or four days, Henri spent in the fields near the bower. He sought another meeting with the unknown beauty; but she came not. Once, he thought he saw her go from the bower, and pass quickly among the trees toward the village. The truth was, this bower was her favorite haunt, where she was accustomed to spend leisure hours in delightful converse with books. But she had observed his movements, and chose not to meet him again.

He said a few words to his mother and sisters, of the vision at the bower; but they assured him, that she must have been some transient visitor in the place. He was vexed and sullen. His manners at home were quite rude; but his mother explained all, by whispering to his sisters, that he was undoubtedly at work in secret, on a great poem. She added, that his eyes were dreamy and *spirituel*, and his hair and shirt-collar more intensely poetical than she had ever seen them.

One Sunday morning, he sat by the window, watching the street, with his mother and sisters. The people were passing to church. At length, three young ladies passed together on the opposite side. Henri saw them, and exclaimed,

"There she is! my soul! there she is! Look! mother, look! Estelle, who is she?"

"What do you mean?" said his mother.

"There she goes! That is the girl I met the

day I came home. What is her name? She with the straw bonnet?"

The ladies burst into a laugh. "That girl with the straw bonnet? Why, you simpleton, her mother is an old woman, who lives by the river, and takes in washing."

"No, no,—I mean that splendid creature farthest from us."

"That splendid creature! Is the boy a fool?" and the mother's voice growled.

"There! she looks round! My soul, what eyes! Why do n't you tell me her name?"

"We have not had the honor of an introduction to her," sneered Estelle.

Henri hastened to church: with some of the people he was already acquainted. In the course of the day, he learned that the maiden's name was Jane Lee. His eagerness, his talk about Jane, and his inquiries, were all reported. The next day every tongue was in motion. Some said Jane had won a great prize; some thought Henri was most certainly the very softest of fools; some hoped Jane would "keep that fellow at a distance!" Miss Sophia wondered what he could see in "that girl;" Jane kept closely at home, and said nothing; Mrs. Lee was indignant at the "ill-mannered fellow;" and when Henri called on her, she sent him away, with the assurance that she had no desire to become acquainted with him.

At the "grand house," there was something like a whirlwind, a thunder-storm, and an earthquake, all together. Henri vowed he would marry the girl, as soon as he left college. Estelle scowled and mocked; his mother wept, declaimed and cursed; his father smoked cigars, and threatened to disinherit him.

But Mr. Harding finally suggested, that boys would be a little wild. "Henri cannot be persuaded to marry that low girl," he said; "boys don't always have marriage in view, when they run after pretty faces."

"I hope it is so," replied the lady-mother; "but Henri is very imaginative; exceedingly romantic, and likely to do strange things if left to himself."

The demonstrations at home might have had the proper effect on Henri, but for his genius. He thought of princes in love with peasant girls; and of poets writing sonnets to shepherdesses. He had read, that poets are a most susceptible race of mortals, with whom love is apt to make strange work. It occurred to him, that a youth of genius must not listen to the stormy lectures of his family; and certainly, Jane was as beautiful as any shepherdess that ever brightened the summer air, if her mother did take in washing.

One afternoon, he met Jane in the street. She would have shunned him; but he ran to her, and

aimed to keep up with her. She hurried on: he, too, hurried.

"Dear Miss Jane," he said, breathing hard, "I have—have something—very particular—to say to you."

"I cannot stay to hear it."

"But you must—you are so beautiful—I vow to marry you—I lo—love you—you will stay to hear that!"

But Jane had escaped. He stopped, like one in doubt as to whether he is or is not thunder-struck. Presently he felt his brain in labor with a new idea.

"She is not that old woman's daughter," he thought. "She would not be so proud and disdainful to me, if she had not something to be proud of. She is not that old woman's daughter. There is some mystery about it."

Princesses in disguise had kept sheep, he believed. This Jane must belong to some distinguished family. He was certain of it. He supposed she had good reasons for living here unknown, until her family appeared to claim her. "And she is so haughty; I suppose they are about to appear,"—he thought.

He could not meet her again; but, the morning of his return to college, he wrote the following epistle, and, without directing it, bade the coachman give it to the handsomest girl in the place.

"Beautiful creature,—I love you! I love you! I love you! I solemnly promise to marry you, as soon as I come home again from college. I have found out your secret, but I will keep it. When we are married, and they know all about it, how mother and Estelle will stare! How proud of you they will be! I love you, and I never will love anybody else. Your passionate lover,

HENRI ALPHONSE JULES FITZWILLIAM
HOWARD HARDING.

Now the coachman thought the prettiest girl in the village was Sophia Green. He believed the Misses Harding thought so too, for they noticed her more than any other. So he carried the epistle to her. Sophia read it, and believed she was rising a little above the seventh heaven. She ran with it to her mother, who read it, exclaimed, "My dear, dear child!" sighed out a room full of sentiment, and, leaning back, fanned herself violently. They agreed to keep the matter secret. But Mrs. Green could not hold it all in; and, when Henri was mentioned in connection with Jane Lee, she would say, "Ah, Henri is too deep for you! He knows how to play his cards. He knows how to mystify people."

Jane Lee's mother was the daughter of a very wealthy farmer. Her mother died when she was a child; but she had been very happy at home, with her father and brother, until her brother en-

gaged in mercantile speculations, and ruined his father. She married a young man, with whom she lived happily two years, when he died and left her nothing but her child, and poverty. Her brother left the country, and went, no one knew where; and, when her father died, a few years afterwards, she was left alone to struggle with poverty as she could. She was universally beloved and respected, in Elmvale. She had learned to be happy under the discipline allotted her; and, though she said it often, to her neighbors, yet she never said without manifest emotion, that Jane was the light and the joy of her life.

It is not exaggeration to say Jane was a rare creature. She had grown up like a beautiful wild flower: she had not only the most engaging qualities of mind and heart, but that beauty, that charm of these qualities, which is the "flowering of virtue." An early life of intellect had made her the best scholar in the schools, and led her to make a diligent use of the village library. Her mind was strong and rich, as well as bright; and, while she was loved as the "excellent Jane Lee," always amiable to her companions, and always kind and helpful to her mother, few, if any, were aware to what an extent culture had filled her mind with life and aspiration.

In this culture of her mind, Jane was partly influenced by a motive which she did not fully acknowledge to herself. Among the companions of her early school days, there was a certain Charles Sears, with whom she had been a favorite. This lad was timid and reserved, and seldom joined in the amusements of other boys of his age. He was Jane's closest companion in her studies, and his uncommon activity and originality of mind had contributed greatly to form hers. While they were at school together, she had found nothing pleasanter than his sympathy.

Charles was the clergyman's son. As he grew older, he devoted himself to study. His father had removed to another parish, and he had visited Elmvale but twice since he entered college. But he had frequently written to Jane, always expressing the warmest remembrance of her, and requesting an account of her reading, while he spoke at large of books that had interested him. In Jane's feelings, he was associated with much that had found sympathy nowhere else. He had pursued his studies successfully, and was now in the law school at Cambridge.

Henri's passion for Jane became so alarming to his family, that his mother, not doubting Jane's readiness for a clandestine marriage, raged, pleaded, threatened, schemed, and, finally, contrived to have him undertake a voyage to Europe. He, accordingly, went with his father to New-York.

While they were in New-York, the feelings of the lady at the "grand house" underwent a very

sudden and surprising change. One evening, about ten days after their departure, Jane and her mother were astounded by a visit from her. The lady came in her carriage, and was dressed as if for a royal levee. Poor Mrs. Lee was startled,—but Jane's instinctive self-respect could not allow her to stand abashed in such a presence. Presently the lady began:

"My dear Miss Lee, I have called to speak with you and your mother on a matter of some delicacy,—a matter in which we all feel a deep interest,—I mean the attachment between you and our son, which Mr. Harding has seemed to oppose."

At first, 'my dear Miss Lee' gave her a look of astonishment,—then replied, with a tone and manner by which the patronizing air of her visitor was much embarrassed:

"Excuse me, madam, I do not understand you."

"Oh, there is no mistake," said the lady; "on the whole, you have been very prudent, and I respect you for it. You may own it all now. We thought Henri was too young to marry—but early marriages are happiest. His passion for you makes him wild, and I do not wonder, now I see how beautiful you are. My dear Jane, the fond love of two young hearts shall not be crossed. I have just received a letter from Mr. Harding. Henri will not go to Europe. They will return to-morrow, and you shall be united immediately."

"What do you mean, madam?" said Jane, with a flash of indignation; "what have I done to warrant this language?"

"My dear, you need not hesitate to be frank with me," continued the lady, in whose mind there had not begun even the dawn of a thought that Jane could refuse her son, "you must understand me, I am really in earnest. It is the dearest wish of my heart, to see you and Henri united. The whole village knows how strongly you and he are attached to each other."

"Excuse me, madam; the whole village knows, or should know, just the contrary. You compel me to say, that my strongest feeling toward your son is contempt. Perhaps I ought to pity him, for I believe he is not capable of behaving like a gentleman."

Mrs. Harding turned to stare at the speaker, and her silk rustled as if quivering with sudden anger. Then, recovering herself, she said, "Oh, I understand,—some love-quarrel,—but lovers' quarrels never last long."

"What is your object, Mrs. Harding? What do you mean, by persisting to speak in this way? Have you come here to insult me?"

"You talk strangely, Miss Jane: do you mean that you will not marry Henri, now we all desire it? You cannot mean this, Jane?"

"But I do mean it. I hope I am understood."

Jane was a little severe, perhaps; but she was cruelly provoked. Mrs. Harding went home, swelling with indignation; and, because she could do nothing else, she vowed vengeance.

But what had occasioned this change in the lady's feelings? A very natural question, which must be answered. One morning, when Mr. Harding had been in New-York about a week, an elderly gentleman, of very striking appearance, came to his room with an acquaintance, and was introduced as Mr. Wilson, from the East Indies, and late of the firm of Wilson, Reeves & Co. Mr. Harding had long known the reputation of this firm, and received him with obsequious reverence, much as a Broadway dandy would receive a great lord, just landed from Europe. The stranger said:

"I have called, sir, to beg the favor of some intelligence from Elmvale, where, I am told, you reside. It is my native place. I had a father and sister living there, when I left it."

"I shall be very happy, sir, to give you any intelligence in my power," replied Mr. Harding.

"Some years ago, I saw a notice of my father's death, in an American newspaper. I had sent my father some money, that did not reach him, and thus failed to secure communication with my friends. They, probably, thought me dead. I wish to learn whether my sister resides there still. Our father's name was Benjamin Wilson; and, just before I left, my sister was married to a young man by the name of William Lee."

"Lee—Lee—Lee—" mused Mr. Harding; "I do not recollect any person of that name in Elmvale. There is no one there of that name but a washerwoman, who is very poor. But she cannot be your sister."

"Is she married? Has she a family?" asked the stranger.

"She is a widow, and has one child, a daughter. Her husband has been dead a long time, I believe; and I now recollect having heard that her father's name was Benjamin Wilson, and her husband's William Lee. She has always lived there, I think. But it is not possible that she is your sister, for she is a washerwoman, and very poor."

Mr. Wilson's face quivered, and his eyes filled with tears. "Yes, yes," he replied, "that is my sister. Poor Mary! She must be very poor, for I ruined my father by an unfortunate speculation. There was nothing left. She must be very poor; but I have no family, and all I have shall be hers. I will settle half of my property on her immediately, and the rest shall be her daughter's, as soon as I have done with it."

In the course of the day, Mr. Harding inquired in various quarters, and found that Mr. Wilson's

property amounted to more than two and a half millions of dollars.

"By the stars!" he exclaimed to himself, "Henri has made a hit after all. That pretty girl is now worth having!"

Without delay, he wrote to his wife, telling her of the great fortune of the Lees, and advising her to call on them at once, and consent to receive Jane as Henri's wife, before they could have time to know of Mr. Wilson's arrival. This letter occasioned the visit, from which we saw the lady return with looks not quite so fair as Jane's roses.

The next day after that visit, towards evening, Jane was in the vine-bower by the river; and now, there was a gentleman with her, from whom she did not seem anxious to escape. They remained there until after sunset; and they walked so slowly homeward, that it was nearly dark when they reached the widow's door. When they had entered, he led Jane to her mother and said,

"Jane and I have known each other a long time; but now, we have learned to know each other better than ever. Will you make us both happy, by saying she may be mine?"

"Yes, Charles," was the tearful answer. "I have long foreseen this; and if I must part with her, there is no one to whom I could be so willing to give her, as to you. Take her; and may the blessing of God be upon you both!"

"But you will not part with her," said Charles Sears; "no, you will not *part* with her; for we shall not be happy, unless you live with us."

There was a knock at the door, which Jane hastened to open. Mr. Wilson entered, and stood a few moments, gazing at the widow. He spoke:

"Mary, my dear sister, do you not know your brother?"

She advanced towards him, and he caught her in his arms, as she cried, "George! George! is it you? Then you are alive! You have come back again! heaven be praised!"

There was happiness in the widow's house that night; and there was joy on her account, through the whole village next morning.

Mr. Wilson purchased the farm that had belonged to his father. He also built a house in the village, where he resides with his sister. He will not suffer Charles and Jane to leave them. He idolizes Jane's children; and says, they are almost as beautiful as their mother.

Henri soon afterwards married a New-York lady, whom Mr. Wilson always speaks of as "that melancholy butterfly." His marriage increased his fame in Elmvale; for it occasioned a law-suit. Miss Sophia Green prosecuted him for breach of promise. It was in vain that he protested that he was innocent—that he scarcely knew the girl, and all that. His letter was produced in evidence; and Miss Sophia recovered heavy damages.

But the Hardings have left Elmvale, and returned to the city. They grew sick of the country. Mrs. Harding says, the country air did not suit her health; and that she feared a country village would spoil the manners of her children.

SING NOT OF FAME.

A Ballad.

BY W. GILMORE SIMMS.

Sing not of Fame! there was a time
Such strain had suited well mine ear,
And I had sprung, perchance through crime,
Ambition's laurell'd pomps to share;
The wild alarm, the impetuous thirst,
The wing to soar, the will to sway,
Had led me forth, through fields accurst,
On man, for man's delight, to prey.

Oh! rather sing of lonely hours,
Of wakeful nights and mournful sighs,
When on his couch of withered flowers
Hope vainly opes her vacant eyes;
In vain with vision straining far,
Seeks still dear shape and baffled dream;
And turning now, from star to star,
Finds mockery in each golden gleam.

BEAUTY AND GOODNESS.

BY REV. J. N. DANFORTH

AMID all the deformity of this world there is much beauty. It greets us at our entrance into it, even before we have power to appreciate it, as in a mother's smile, itself the expression of perhaps the deepest emotion of which our moral nature is capable; and a father's joy, which is awakened by the new fact of our individual existence. A happy constitution it is, that to the child, the mother always looks beautiful, unless she violates some precept of that decalogue of affections which the finger of God has inscribed on the "fleshy tables of the heart." Thus it is, that love and beauty (not in their romantic sense) are inseparably associated in certain forms of our existence.

But it is not alone in the exercise of the higher and deeper affections of humanity, that we are to seek for the beautiful. The material world that surrounds us overflows with it. Take, for instance, the early dawn of a summer's day, that period of the morning which precedes the outbursting of the splendors of the sun; or select, if you please, the hour of "dewy eve," when that same luminary has "bathed his burning axle" in the deep waters of the Pacific. Could mortal pencil ever approach the execution of such panoramic scenes of beauty? All, all is original. All else is copy. Everywhere the difference between the finite and the infinite meets the mind of man. Now, the simple purpose of lighting the world might have been accomplished without so lavish a display of, I had almost said, kaleidoscopic beauty. But God delights in benevolence, as well as in beauty, physical, intellectual and spiritual. Hence, the union of beauty and goodness, in so many of his individual acts and fixed constitutions.

Now, to appreciate duly this combination, as well as to enjoy fully the natural scenes which are evidential of it, a man must be in a *healthy* state. If disease is wearing out his system, he will have little relish for such objects. They are but mockery to a dying man, unless, indeed, the religious principle is triumphant within him. If he be a man of diseased principles and profligate practices; if there be not a healthy tone of the moral system, he is not the man to look on the displays of goodness and beauty. A drunkard, a gambler, or a sluggard of any kind, will not rise to behold the dawning glories of the East; and, if he did, would

not enjoy them. That deprivation is one of the penalties annexed to his transgressions.

So, for aught we perceive, all the purposes of a flower might have been answered without investing it with such varied and exquisite beauty, and especially without adding to it that delightfully mysterious fragrance, so exciting to the appropriate organs, and often awakening, particularly in the female bosom, emotions of the highest enthusiasm. Is it because of her superior purity? Or is there among the inward and invisible elements of that soul a gentleness, a beauty, a hidden fragrance, that corresponds, and, so to speak, *congenializes* with the outward works of God? I have sometimes stood and admired the passionate fondness of a child for flowers. The rapture of that little girl, in her young and guileless being, was perfectly contagious, and I found my own heart dancing with a sympathetic joy. I was sure that in her all was natural. An experienced beauty might mingle some airs of affectation with her soft eulogies on the most beautiful portion of the vegetable creation, as there are those in fashionable life, who would not on any account be thought destitute of a taste for the fine arts, and so purchase and admire pictures and statuary, without really possessing any judgment, if they have any pleasure in such matters. But a child revels with unsophisticated emotions in this enchanting region of Nature's great empire: worships with a pure and burning devotion, in this part of her holy temple. Yet it cannot be proved, that such sources of pleasure are essential to the existence and the progress of childhood. But they are essential to the more perfect development of the benevolence of God, delighting, as it does, to associate itself with the forms of natural beauty, in order to promote and exalt the happiness even of a child.

Nor should any one presume to interfere with that felicity. A crusty old bachelor, or a childless husband, (a far superior character,) might be disgusted with an enthusiasm for which he had no sympathy, but let him take care how he offends one of these little ones. There are guardian spirits ministering to them, invisible, but real; if doubted by men, yet accredited in the court of heaven, and acting

under the highest regal authority. "In heaven they do always behold the face of my Father who is in heaven," said He, whose humanity, shrining the divinity, was upheld and sanctified by that sublime and mysterious connection, while it graced the ungrateful world that scorned and crucified Him. He, in the days of his flesh, stooped with a profound and graceful tenderness to the little ones, and mingled his own crystal sympathies with the spirit of childhood. He rebuked the temper that would repel them from the charities of Christianity. He spoke words for them that will never be forgotten through all the lapse of time.

Nor was the illustrious teacher of men indifferent to the voices of nature around him. The quiet beauty of the lily charmed that imagination, which ever maintained a perfectly harmonious relation to the other powers of the mind, was never deceived by the ever-shifting illusions that are accustomed to play around it, and never exaggerated the pictures it drew of the character, the state, or destiny of man. All earthly glory was less captivating to that rightly-constituted imagination, than the lovely, spotless hue of the flower of the field. And, yet, this is surpassed by the beauty of virtue—of the graces of the spirit.

"Is aught so fair,
In all the dewy landscape of the spring,
In the bright eye of Hesper, or the morn;
In Nature's fairest forms, is aught so fair,
As virtuous friendship?"

The features of the external world, whatever permanence they may seem to have, are all to be erased, all to be extinguished, in the final "wreck" of matter and crush of worlds. But moral qualities are in their nature sempiternal. Moral and spiritual beauty is imperishable! This is goodness—this is holiness, the crown and the gem of the Divinity itself. Was ever a more impressive prayer offered than that of the exquisite poet, as well as the splendid monarch of Israel: "The BEAUTY of the Lord our God be upon us!" That would be beauty worthy of the muse of the immortal Milton, or the burning pencil of the seraphic Isaiah.

We may now take, what writers on the Philosophy of the Moral Feelings have, by a metaphorical license, called the *beauty of sound*. It

involves the power of music in all its variations and capabilities of impression; whether that music emanate from living mind or inanimate matter. Besides its original and essential quality of producing emotion by the power of association, it wonderfully augments the effect on the susceptibilities of the interior man. There is a soft and sweet tone of music in the flow of a rivulet, amid rural scenery, beneath the sunlight of a bright summer's day; but how are our emotions deepened and strengthened, when at the hour of midnight, we hear that same stream, after having enlarged its channel and accelerated its momentum, plunging over a precipice or an artificial embankment; acquiring at this point the character of a *waterfall*, one of the most interesting objects in nature! A feeling of sublimity is now added to the state of the mind, and the emotion becomes complete. The elements of darkness, obscurity and silence are introduced, and seem nearly to absorb the sense of beauty. The soul almost instinctively raises itself to God, who "maketh darkness his pavilion, and the thick darkness his swaddling-band." That sound seems the organ-dirge of Nature, over the temporary death of the inanimate world. Less sad and solemn, but still tenderly pensive, are the notes of the night-bird, familiar to New England ears, heard in the gray twilight of summer, as he now ascends, greeting the lofty regions of the air with his monotone—a not very melodious soprano; and then plunges into the depths of ether below, uttering, at the last point of his descent, a deep bass note; then rising again to renew his music "at the gate of heaven."

But oh! how blithe and merry is the song of birds in the bright and early morning! Poetry has consecrated all this natural music, which in its nature is fitted to lead the soul up to God. It is part of the worship of this magnificent temple, whose arch is the blue vault of heaven, whose pavement is the green earth, whose worshippers are MEN, "made in the image of God;" and whose presiding, all-pervading divinity is God himself—the Eternal, the Immortal, the Invisible, the OMNIPRESENT.

This train of thought might be pursued, but will—at least for the present—be suspended. If any mind shall, by it, be led to a deeper contemplation of the connected influence of Beauty and Benevolence, my object will be attained.

No longer woo—you cannot hold her;
She'll wed a man full ten years older,
Whose purse is charming, for she thinks
She sees the gold between the links.



YOUNG AUTHORSHIP.

BY MOTHER EVE.

IN my early days, my father lived in a rambling old house, in the most old-fashioned of country-places; I well remember with what delight I used to rush out to the gate, to be ready to receive the paper, as I heard the stage-driver's horn, sounding in the distance. This paper was published every week, in a neighboring city, and contained a vast deal of everything; but always in one corner was a story; grave or gay, sentimental or horrible, it was all the same to me, if it was a *story*. I devoured it eagerly, and thought what a delightful thing it must be, to see one's-self in print, to see your *very words* printed, know they were read with delight, and looked for with such longing anxiety: I dreamed, sleeping and waking, of this, until it became with me a night-mare; the desire to write a story was a haunting idea, but I thought authors such very *great* men and women, how could I, a little Miss in her teens, write anything that people would read! At last, I resolved to try, so hiring Betty, the cook, to give me the nicest quill from the goose that she next killed, I roamed away among the hills, and on the tops of the rugged rocks, or, stretched upon the fragrant moss, I dozed away long days, big with this one idea of becoming an author. At last the story was completed, the little manuscript was directed to

the very paper that my father took, and I bribed our market-boy to take it secretly to the office, with many injunctions to answer no questions. After impatiently waiting a whole week, the anxiously expected horn of the stage-driver was heard. I rushed out to the gate, and caught up the paper eagerly—there, upon the same corner that I had formerly looked at with so much interest, was my own story—it was no mistake, there were the very words; and the heart of a girl of fifteen was burning with an excess of emotion as these lines were read; “We publish to-day an interesting tale from a fair reader of ours, and shall be happy to hear from her again.” I rushed out to my old haunts upon the hill and cried, for very happiness. Now I felt myself to be a woman. I had been flattered, caressed, but I cared for nothing now but fame; I resolved to write in secret, and burst all at once upon the world and my friends, as an authoress, with a well-established claim to the title. I became grave, lost the listlessness heretofore peculiar to me, and shut myself in my room to write. Weeks passed on, and at last, it began to be noticed that Cary's hair was often uncombed, her fingers always covered with ink, and her room strewn with bits of paper; but I heeded not reproof or command. I was an authoress, and as

such, felt myself superior to sisters or brother. The demon of the craft possessed me, and my prolific brain turned out its progeny with a rapidity perfectly astonishing to contemplate. At last, one day, came a five-dollar note, for some lines sent to a magazine, the first money earned by my own efforts, and rich as I thought myself, and crowned with my blushing honors, I burst into my mother's room with all my manuscripts, and surprised her with a full confession of the labors of the preceding few months. She clasped me to her breast, in an ecstasy of joy and happiness, shall I say also of pride, for although looking with a partial mother's eye upon my efforts, she yet saw my future, fully before her eye. In later years, when I have received the meed of praise and flattery without the slightest feeling, I have often looked back to my first story, and the rush of wild, tumultuous feelings that then came over me—ah! never, in these care-worn years, can I feel again that first exquisite rush of happiness, that perfect bliss of a

cherished idea—a coveted blessing fulfilled and granted. Hackneyed in the world's ways, crushed by affliction, the heart loses its springiness, the soul its first fresh gloss and purity; the rust has eaten into our very vitals, and the canker-worm of care revels upon all that was once fresh and bright. A celebrated writer has said, "We pass through two childhoods before we cross the river of death." Is it so? Our first childhood is full of joy, of untold happiness, of glorious anticipations, of thoughtlessness of the future: is the decay of our faculties like this glorious age, in anything but our physical helplessness? Is the dim, lustre-lacking eye, like the brilliant orb of youth; the palsied tongue—talking of sorrow, of disappointment—like the joyous outbursts of the sunny mind of youth? talk not of the childhood of haggard age, it is a mockery, a falsehood, which no one believes! But I must close; my cherub boy clasps his arms around my neck, and says, "Mamma, do leave writing, and tell me a story."

LITTLE CLARA.

BY MISS HANNAH F. GOULD.

I CANNOT smile, I cannot play,
I feel so lone,—so sad and lone!
I've put our playthings all away,
For brother's gone,—dear Willie's gone!
I dreamed last night I saw and kissed him;
His eyes were starry bright;
But when I told how much I missed him,
He disappeared, as if by flight.
I could not see, so quick he vanished,
The way he took to pass from sight.

They tell me angels softly came,
And bore him up from every ill;
And yet I think 't is where his name
Is on the stone, he's sleeping still.
I saw the deep, damp bed they made him,
And where I think he lies,
For there I saw they lowly laid him,
And watched, but did not see him rise;
Yet, hot and fast my tears were streaming,
Perhaps 't was they deceived my eyes.

The precious flower he loved the best,
When we played round his garden-spot,
I've taken up, and o'er his breast
I've set the dear *forget-me-not*.
I know not if it there will flourish,

The turf is drear and wild,
And Clara's tears can never nourish
The flower that shone when Willie smiled!
But still I must hang weeping round it,
I'm such a sad and lonely child.

Our darling bird that used to sing
And smile from out his loving eye
When Willie came, now droops the wing,
And looks as if he, too, would die.
His cup of seeds and drink declining,
He silent sits all the day,
And seems at heart with sorrow pining,
To close his eye and pass away;
Then, the sweet bird beside his master,
And that lone flower, will Clara lay.

When mother died, I was too young
To know her love or miss her care,
And father, on the sea, among
The great wild waves that drowned him there.
'T is woe to lose an only brother,
When ne'er to me was ever known
A sister dear, a father,—mother!
And if to God they all are gone,
I pray he 'd take poor little Clara,
I feel so lone,—so sad and lone!



THE SURRENDER OF DETROIT.

BY MRS. C. MARIA SHELDON.

THERE is much unwritten romance, and unwritten history too, in this Peninsular State. Its borders have been the theatre of war; its interior, the hunting-grounds of the red men, that noble though savage race, who have passed away from before the 'pale faces,' till even in Michigan, but a few years since their home, an Indian is a rare sight.

Coming to Michigan when a mere child, while the fort yet remained, and was occupied by a small body of troops, and the *reveille* and the evening gun seemed the alarm-notes of war; and, having passed the bright morning of existence in these western wilds, I have a peculiar *penchant* for all the reminiscences of those 'other days.' Would that mine were the pen of a 'ready writer,' that could vividly portray the spirit-stirring scenes of the past, and thus rescue from oblivion incidents whose very memory brings life back again.

My story-loving propensity was delightfully gratified during a recent visit to the western part of the State, by meeting Mrs. Mc —, an old French lady, who lived in Detroit during the last war.

Mrs. Mc — is a fine specimen of the old-school

Franco-Americans. Her parents were among the early settlers of Detroit, and were both French; but amid the changeful vicissitudes, of which that city was the doomed theatre, they became so thoroughly Americanized, that at the commencement of the last war with England, Mr. Dubois and his sons enrolled themselves under the banner of 'stripes and stars,' with all the characteristic enthusiasm of their nation.

Marie, the eldest daughter, was married, a year or two before the war, to Mr. Mc —, a young Scotchman, who espoused the American cause as warmly as his French relatives.

Mrs. Mc — must have been beautiful in her youth; even now her form is remarkably straight and well-proportioned, her carriage graceful, and her manners kind and affable; her features are regular, her hair abundant, glossy, and black as the raven's wing; and if her eyes were, in youth, more sparkling than they now are,—woe to those who came within the influence of their laughing glances. Like most of the human family, her life has been one of many changes; and now, widowed, but not desolate, she is passing the

evening of her life by the hearthstones of her prosperous and dutiful children.

I had heard that the old lady possessed a strong memory, and was a good story-teller, and had often met her at the houses of common friends, when etiquette would not allow me to monopolize her attention. At last we met at her daughter's house: 'Now,' thought I, 'we are but a family party, how I would like to hear her tell of Detroit in olden time, especially of Hull's surrender!' but a fear that such spirit-stirring reminiscences might not be agreeable, still kept me silent. Curiosity at length got the better of politeness, and I ventured 'to suppose that Mrs. Mc — remembered the surrender of Detroit perfectly well.'

"Remember it? Oh yes!" said she, her black eyes sparkling with animation, "I remember it as well as if it happened yesterday."

"Do tell me all the particulars, will you? and how the city looked then!" I exclaimed, as much animated by anticipation as she was by retrospection.

"With all pleasure," she replied; "but it is a long story, and you will need very much patience."

Having assured her my stock of patience in this case was inexhaustible, the old lady gave me the following narrative:

"Detroit, in 1812, scarcely deserved the name of town, for it was, in reality, but a small village. The old town had been burned to the ground, and the inhabitants were obliged to build such houses as their means would allow, and these were neither elegant nor convenient. Atwater was then the principal street; and the dwellings there were quite compact. A few houses were scattered, here and there, on the other streets; and around the whole, which was small compared with its present dimensions, was a stockade of tall pickets, as a protection from the Indians. Between the town and the fort was a beautiful esplanade, where the troops were drilled and exercised. Then came the fort, with its grass-covered sides, and a deep moat around it; and all around the top of the fort were placed the cannon, those "dogs of war," alike for destruction and defence. On the west side of the fort was the cantonment, built around a neat court, with gravel walks and shade trees; two sides of the cantonment were dwellings of officers' and soldiers' families, the other two sides were barracks. At the west end of the town, near the only gate in the stockade, was the citadel, a strong block-house; and, just back of the citadel, a stone arsenal, which yet remains. Along the river, above and below the city, were the farms of the inhabitants, who were mostly French, some devoted to the British, and some to American interests.

"The morning before the surrender was hot and sultry; the sky was overspread with a thick

haze, not a breath of wind swayed the drooping foliage, and the straggling rays of sunlight which now and then pierced through the gloom, were pale and sickly. Humanity seemed, for once, in unison with nature; all were listless and unhappy. Men gathered in groups about the market-place, and talked gloomily of the war, and their own future prospects; old women rocked themselves to and fro, recalled their superstitions, and prophesied evils nigh at hand; children were uncommonly peevish; and the usually bustling housewife, languid and depressed, shrank from the burden of her daily duties.

"Scarcely was the morning repast over, when the clatter of a horse's hoofs was heard along the streets, and the stentorian voice of an officer warned the inhabitants to seek a place of safety, as the batteries at Sandwich would probably soon open their fire on the town.

"Immediately all was panic and confusion. Women were busily engaged packing their valuables for removal; men running to and fro, seeking a retreat for those dearer to them than life; crying infants clinging to their half-distracted mothers; and older children everywhere but where they should be,—made the town a second Babel.

"About noon, the inhabitants began to leave the town; but, alas! where is there safety in the midst of the stirring scenes of war? The enemy near us with their missiles of destruction; the forest swarming with Indians,—professing friendship,—but who would vouch for savage integrity, should the enemy gain the ascendancy? A deep ravine on the 'Cass farm,' a short distance below the city, then owned by General McDonald, seemed to offer the best security, and there assembled the mass of helplessness, with a few of the sterner sex for protectors.

"The cannonading commenced at 4 o'clock, p. m., and continued, at intervals, during the night, striking terror to our hearts, but doing very little injury on either side. Often, as we sat huddled together in the ravine, did the ill-directed balls from the enemy's cannon, plough through the orchard, tearing up the ground, but fortunately doing no other damage. A few shells also burst near us harmlessly.

"Near midnight we were persuaded to remove to a large stone root-house, in the orchard, that we might be protected from the chilly dews of the night. My health had previously been delicate, and the fright and fatigue, and the bad air of the crowded root-house, brought on illness so violent, that I was obliged to be carried to the dwelling-house, the cellar-kitchen of which was already crowded. I was placed in an upper room, a most dangerous position, as, it being nearly day-break, the firing was more frequent. Alarmed

for the safety of my mother and my two children,—one an infant, who had accompanied me,—I prevailed on my mother to leave me alone, and seek a more secure place for herself and my little ones. My father and husband were at the fort; and though my wants were all supplied, none else were willing to peril their own lives by remaining with me, as their presence would be no safeguard to my life. Hour after hour I passed thus alone, listening to the booming cannon, and, now and then, starting and shrinking as a ball whizzed by the house; sometimes feeling almost sure that it was a mark for the enemy, and thinking perhaps the next shot would terminate my existence.

"Day dawned at length, and the cannonading ceased. Presently, my mother came to tell me that the 'red coats' were crossing the river at Spring-wells: 'Now,' said she, 'we shall be between two fires; and where we can go for safety, I cannot tell.' Her voice trembled with emotion, but her tearless eye flashed forth the determination of a resolute heart. She seated herself by a window that looked out on the beautiful Detroit. Unlike yesterday, not a cloud appeared on all the face of heaven; the cool breeze came sweeping up from its lake-bathings, rippling the river, and refreshing poor humanity; the glad song of the birds hailed the rising sun; and the green herbage and the bright-eyed flowers nodded assent to their hymn of praise. But the *reveille* at the fort broke harshly on the ear amid the peaceful beauty of nature. It proclaimed the fearful truth, that for *glory*, or *mammon*, man will murder his fellow-man, desolate the homes of the happy, and even rush, himself, into the presence of the Just.

"The river below us was thickly dotted with canoes and barges, filled with scarlet-clad soldiery; and the reflected sunbeams flashed from burnished implements of war.

"There was a bustle at the fort, but no forming of troops on the Esplanade. At length, a cannon was placed at the west gate, and small detachments of troops were placed, here and there, behind the strong picket-fences, that lined the road-side from Spring-wells to Detroit. The British troops, having breakfasted only a mile below us, formed, and commenced marching toward the town.

"'What ails our men?' exclaimed my mother, as the troops continued to advance; 'why don't they fire on them?'

"'Perhaps they might kill us, mother,' I suggested.

"'We might as well be killed,' she replied, 'as to fall into the power of the "red coats" and Indians. Now, dear,' continued she, turning towards me, 'you have been dressing, I see; lean on my arm, and we will try to find a safer place

than this: for if Hull is not a coward, we shall have warm work to-day.'

"Supported by my mother, I succeeded in reaching the foot of the stairs, where my father, who had obtained leave of absence from the fort for half an hour, met us, and, taking me in his arms, carried me to our old retreat in the ravine. After telling me that my husband was on duty at one of the outposts, he left us, and returned to the fort.

"Kind friends made me a bed on the cold, damp earth; my children were brought to me; and, when all was done that could be done for my comfort, my restless mother again sought the house, to watch the movements of the belligerents. A flag of truce was sent from the fort across the river: presently one of General Brock's aids galloped by, towards the fort, bearing a white flag; after a short absence, he returned, and was sent a second time, when he was met, outside the gate, by a flag from the fort; soon after, to our utter dismay, the American flag was hauled down, and a white flag, in token of surrender, run up in its place. In the mean time, orders had been issued to recal the detachments; and Captain Snelling, who stood at the cannon by the gate, with a lighted match in his hand, to fire the gun which had been agreed on as a signal of attack by those in ambuscade, had the match struck from his hand by a superior officer, who, pointing to the flag of surrender, told him not to fire, at the peril of his life.

"Scarcely were the terms of capitulation signed, before the British took possession of the town and fort, and an officer rode through the lanes, and orchards, assuring the trembling inhabitants of protection from the Indians, that were swarming in vast numbers, in the rear of the British troops. There was an universal burst of indignation from officers, soldiers, and inhabitants, at this disgraceful surrender,—this stain on our national honor. General Hull's son, more brave than his father, raved and swore most fearfully. My father saw many of the officers break their swords, and weep over their disgrace like little children."

"But surely," said I, "the women were glad to have a cessation of hostilities on any terms?"

The old lady gazed a moment in my face, inquiringly, as if to ascertain whether I was jesting or not: then the expression of her countenance changed to that of supreme contempt, as she replied, "Glad? no, indeed; do you think they had no patriotism?"

"But you know woman is naturally timid, and she might be glad of safety for herself and those dear to her."

"Talk of timid, shrinking woman!" exclaimed Mrs. Mc —, in a most sarcastic tone; "she is so, it is true, when all is peaceful; and she will

prudently seek shelter from the impending storm ; but when it must be met, her heroism and fortitude are unequalled ; place her loved ones in jeopardy, and she is not only fearless, but daring. Nor are women, especially American women, destitute of patriotism. I wish you could have heard the opprobrious epithets that were heaped on the head of General Hull by the indignant women. I verily believe they then felt that they would have preferred victory, or even an honorable defeat, at the expense of half their lives, to this ignoble surrender. Nor could they, even now, anticipate any safety for themselves and their families. They well knew that the Indian allies of the enemy, greater in number than the white forces, could not be entirely controlled by the most strenuous efforts on the part of the commanding officers ; and constant annoyance, pillage, and perhaps massacre, were seen in the murky vista of the future.

"Nor were they mistaken : the ensuing year was one of terror. A scarcity of wood obliged many families to remove from the city the following winter, to their farms in the vicinity ; and scarcely would they begin to feel secure in the enjoyment of their comforts, when, perhaps at midnight, a band of savages would enter the house, and carry off everything that tempted their cupidity. Happy were the helpless families if they escaped with life, for the slightest offence was sure to be punished by tomahawking the offender.

"When my father went to his house in town, the day after the surrender, he found it broken open, and plundered of every valuable article. Mr. Mc — owned one of those narrow farms about a mile below the city, to which my father removed what little he had left, and my father's family and our own remained together till the close of the war. My husband and father were prisoners of war, but were permitted to be at home most of the time on parole. Three several times, during the year, was our house plundered ; and we fared quite as well as our neighbors."

"Did the British officers make no attempt to prevent these depredations ?" I inquired.

"O yes : General Brock's orders were very strict ; he did all he could to protect us, and probably saved our lives ; but the Americans thought he dared not provoke the hostility of the Indians by punishing petty grievances ; and whenever a murder was committed, the murderer kept out of the way till the affair was forgotten. Human life, in time of war, is but little valued, and it took but a few days for a single murder to be forgotten, save by the immediate friends of the deceased.

"During all this time, while the Americans were suffering so much, the Canadian families

in the vicinity were unmolested. A red mark on their sheep and cattle, and red doors to their dwellings, ensured them the respect of the Indian allies."

I asked why the Americans did not adopt the same expedient.

"Perhaps I can best give you an idea of the feeling that prevailed among the Americans," said the old lady, "by telling you a little anecdote of Mr. Mc—. Some time in the month of October, a friendly Indian came to our house, and had a long talk with my husband : sister and myself saw him glance at us, then point to Mr. Mc—, then encircle his own crown, significant of scalping ; but he spoke so low, we could not understand a word he said. You may be sure we anxiously inquired, when he was gone, what news the Indian brought.

"'Do n't be alarmed,' said my husband, 'Ocom has only been trying to convince me, that, if I wish to escape the tomahawk, I must go to the fort ; he says, you women are safe, because you are French, and have black hair and black eyes : but my light hair and blue eyes are against me.'

"'Why do n't you paint your door red ?' said my sister.

"'No British red about me, if I die for it !' he exclaimed, indignantly ; and this was the general feeling among the inhabitants."

"How long did the British keep possession of Detroit ?" I inquired.

"About a year," replied Mrs. Mc—. "I do n't believe they expected to retain it so long : for the very next day after the surrender, they commenced removing the military stores to Malden ; and for a whole month, the river was covered with small boats, engaged in the transportation. After two or three months, the British troops were withdrawn, except a detachment at the fort ; and quite too many of their Indian allies remained prowling about the country, like ravening wolves.

"It was a long, weary year to us, poor inhabitants, and a joyful time when General Harrison came to the rescue. The news of his approach was first brought by an old citizen of Detroit, whom we had suspected of being a tory, because he was allowed greater privileges than others who had not taken up arms. This gentleman, who had been a few weeks at Malden, came riding by, early one morning, on his way home, when my mother called to him through the lattice, 'What news, Mr. D— ?'

"'Good,' he replied, without looking toward the house.

"Passing on to his own home, he put his horse into the stable, and seated himself on the front piazza, without going into the house, lest he might possibly excite suspicions that would lead to a

forcible communication of Harrison's movements to the British. Whether Mr. D—— was a tory or not, he seemed, by his conduct then, to have become sick of British rule.

" 'Wife,' said my father, as he observed mother putting on her sun-bonnet, 'don't go to Mr. D——'s; these are dangerous times; and to gratify your curiosity, you may involve his family and your own in ruin.'

" She made no reply: but, in a few minutes, was secreted in the dark passage-way leading from Mrs. D——'s dining-room to the cellar-kitchen, and Mrs. D—— was learning the news of General Harrison's approach from her husband through the closed shutters, and repeating the detached sentences to my mother.

" Mother had but just reached home, overjoyed with the intelligence she had received, when my brother James sprang through the gate at the foot of the garden, which extended down the sloping bank to the river's brink, and ran with all speed into the house. Quick as thought, my

father barricaded the door, and begged my daring brother not to come too near the window-blinds, lest he should be seen by the savages. James was a captain in General Harrison's army; and so great was his anxiety to know the fate of his father's family, from whom he had so long been separated, that he obtained permission to cross the river a little in advance of the army; and thus was the first of our deliverers who set foot on shore.

Soon after, all the troops arrived, and a fine-looking company they were: tall, robust men; their blue hunting-shirts, and red belts, and blue trowsers fringed with red, giving them a demi-savage appearance.

" They marched on, to the fort; and, after a mere show of resistance, the 'stripes and stars' were again proudly waving, where, one year ago, they were so shamefully dishonored; and our joy was now as enthusiastic, as then our indignation was unbounded."

THOUGHTS AT HAMPTON BEACH.

BY MISS ELLEN ELWOOD.

Scene of majestic loveliness!
Old Ocean—mighty—fathomless!
What hidden wonders keep
'Neath thy billows that ne'er sleep!
Valley of many graves!

A feeling comes of loneliness and fear—
Of solitude; though ones I love are here,
Gazing with me upon thy passing waves.

Waters of never-tiring sway,
Is there a mortal tongue to say
What viewless splendor dwells
In those vast grotto-cells,
And shell-wreathed coral caves?
The hoarded wealth of long, long years of toil,
Ye oft alone have made your precious spoil;
Holding it fast within your grasping waves.

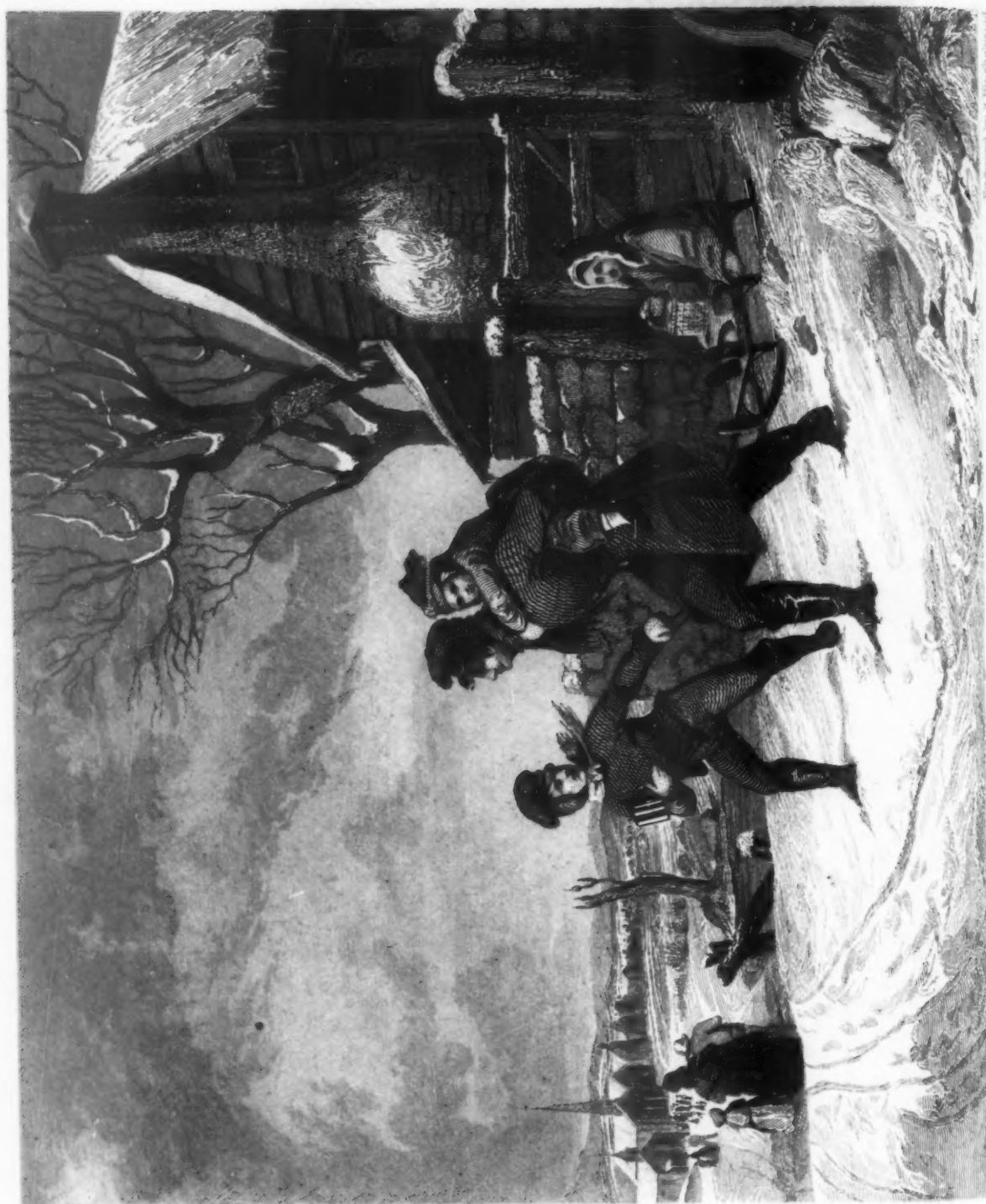
World of the sleeping wind and storm!
We scan thine ever-changing form,
And watch thy swelling tide,
Where the proud surges ride;

Wondering from whence they come;
Yet know they rolled in march from Europe's shore;
Ne'er stopped nor stayed—nor will for evermore.
To them is given no resting-place—no home.

The sun hath passed beneath thy waves, O sea!
Night-shades have well nigh shrouded thee,
Save, when the moon doth trace
Upon thy shining face,
A path of silvery rays;
While these, the dashing spray-clouds leap and make
Their dazzling fall; and the blue ripples take
Their way along, till lost in foaming maze.

We love the music of thy speaking moan;
We love to hear the solemn tone
When thy low whispers steal;
And trembled at the peal
Thy deep-voiced thunders made.
O great and wondrous all thy motions are!
Awful thy strength! and yet, how stronger far
Is He, who hath thy wide foundations laid!





Engraved by N. H. Russell

Designed by T. H. Marshall

GOING TO SCHOOL.

A Sketch.

(See the Engraving.)

BY MRS. EMMA C. EMBURY.

"HURRAH! here we go,—Ally like a Russian princess in a sledge, and Charley like a cavalier on horseback. Good-by, mother; we shall soon be back with a load of prizes."

It was the day before Christmas; a heavy snow had fallen during the night, and the yet unbroken paths and untrodden fields glittered in the clear sunshine as the party of merry children set out for school. There were no dread anticipations of ill-conceded lessons and harsh rebukes to sadden their youthful spirits. The duties of the past year were over,—the dreaded *examination* had been encountered, and now they were to receive the well-earned prizes and rewards which would add new zest to the pleasures of the Christmas holidays.

If there is anything that can warm the chilled feelings and send the blood bounding through the veins of sober manhood, it must be sympathy with the joyous spirit of childhood. The sense of animal enjoyment which ever utters its voice in mirthfulness, is so strong within all children,—there is such a fountain of pure unmingled joy ever bubbling up from the heart to the lips,—such a frank, honest manifestation of delight in their 'day of small things,' that he must be world-hardened indeed who can resist the cheerful influences of a close companionship with the 'little people.' We look on a group of merry children with a feeling that would almost approach to envy, if benevolence and a sort of pity for their unconsciousness of a chequered future did not awaken our tenderness. Then comes Memory, with her wand of power. The wheels of Time roll back,—we are once more children,—once more dwelling in the green nooks or gambolling in the flowery paths of that fairy land of life. Picture after picture rises before our imagination,—we are lost in dreams of by-gone days,—and when, at last, the spell is broken, we feel that by such recollections, even when embalmed in tears, the heart is made better. Oh! blessed indeed are the influences of a happy childhood to all who can call up such visions. Sorrow may cloud the present day, and

fear may haunt the future,—guilt may have stained the hand, and vice blackened the heart; but, from the depths of degradation and sorrow and crime, will men look back to the scenes of their earliest youth with a yearning tenderness. And if those scenes are clad in the sunshine of joy,—if they can behold the good, the beautiful and the true, who can tell with what redeeming power such reminiscences may come to the world-wearyed, and sin-stained soul?

Cold indeed must have been the man who could look unsympathizingly upon the group assembled in front of Mr. Morton's cottage. Little Alice looked so sweet, with her blue eyes and rosy cheeks peering out from beneath her warm hood, as she took her seat on her brother's sled; and Charley's merry laugh rang out so clearly as he mounted his father's back for a ride to school; while Horace seemed the very incarnation of mirth as he adjusted Ally's dress, and prepared to drag the little princess down the hill. Even the grave but tender father caught the infection of his children's fun, and he enjoyed the sport as if he were again a boy. The pale mother stood in the doorway, and looked after them with eyes full of tenderness. But her smile faded as the gay party dashed down the hill, and a sigh rose to her lips as she pressed her hand to her side, while she vainly tried to silence the low, deep cough which even then was sounding her death-knell.

* * * * *

Twelve years had passed away, and Horace Morton sat alone in a large, comfortless apartment, which looked out upon strange and unfamiliar scenes. He was in Rome,—the city of memory, and, to him, of hope. A painter almost from his cradle, it had been the dream of his life to reach that treasure-house of art, and now his visions had ripened into a blessed reality. He was in Rome,—the dust of antiquity was beneath his feet,—the accumulated wealth of centuries was around him,—the skies that had inspired the

master-minds of earth were bending lovingly above his head. Why did he sit leaning so listlessly against the stone casement which overhung a time-hallowed street in the holy city? Why did his eyes fill with irrepressible tears as he looked towards the air-hung dome of St. Peter's, glittering in the clear, bright sunshine?

"You have been long away, Alice," said he faintly, as the door opened to admit the tall form of his beautiful sister.

"I should have been with you sooner, Horace, but you charged me not to return until I had seen the choicest pictures in the Vatican, that I might describe them to you. Do n't you think you will be strong enough, in a day or two, to visit them with me?"

"Never! Ally, never! I have been mocked with a *granted prayer*. I am in Rome; but if I were in the deserts of Arabia, it would differ me little now. See what I have been doing!"

As he spoke, he turned towards his easel, and exhibited to his sister's tearful eyes a picture of the past. There was the cottage,—the snow-covered earth, and trees laden with their fleecy burden,—the mother at the door, and the merry group assembled at the gate.

"Have you forgotten our frolic at Christmas?—the last, you know, before our dear mother died?" said Horace. "To-day is the anniversary of that joyous time; and though so many years have passed, my recollections of it are as vivid as if it had occurred but yesterday. I know not what recalled it so forcibly to my mind, as I sat here basking beneath these genial skies; but memory was like a master-spell upon me, and my hand obeyed its power. We were *going to school* then, Alice.—I was going to school, too, when I came to Rome—the school of all that was to ennoble me in art. Alas! my studies are well-nigh ended

now. They are all gone, Ally; father and mother and dear little Charley, and I shall soon follow them. It is hard to die so young—hard to die with every hope unfulfilled—every wish ungratified—every scheme of life blasted. There was that within me, which might have placed my name on the roll of glory: my soul thirsted for that inspiration from the past which I hoped to find here; even to have seen the sun rise and set in Rome, I dreamed might have given me new life. But it is vain—I must die. The restless brain and the busy hand must be palsied forever; and my name will be like letters traced in the new-fallen snow. Alice, I am not content to lie down with common men in the grave. Yet, it must be so. My dust will ere long mingle with the hallowed earth, which the foot of genius has so often trod; but my memory will be like the shadow of a passing cloud over the face of the dial."

The sun of Christmas day shone brightly on the time-stained palaces of the ancient city; and its beams warmed into life some wandering violets which had sheltered themselves beside a crumbling wall. But the sun shone, and the violets bloomed unheeded by him who had never before been unmindful of brightness or of beauty. Horace Morton was lying in his coffin. He had reached Rome only to die within its walls; and of his brief existence no trace remains, save in the memory of the sister who closed his dying eyes, and listened to his last vain yearnings after life's deceitful promises.

Reader, doth my sketch seem too sad in its conclusion, for the mirthfulness that beams out in the "counterfeit presentment" which the skill of the artist has afforded you? Remember, that the brightest sunshine ever casts the deepest shadow; and that life is made up of contrasts.

DAWN.

BY PARK BENJAMIN.

I see the light—I taste the flowing air;
There is no cloud above me, and I feel,
Bathing my forehead, delicate and rare
And full of odor, the sweet influence steal.
The tints of dawn the last fair star conceal,
Throwing faint crimson o'er the lessening ray:
And the far billowy vapors melt away,
Touched by thy golden wand, imperial Sun!
Rising in glorious beauty, giving life
To the young flowers, and joy to every one,
Whose early-wafted thoughts to heaven are rife
With deep devotion, borrowed at thy shrine.
Well might the ancient world deem thee divine,
And the first worship of the soul be thine!



Engraved by H. S. S. S. S.

Designed by T. H. Matthews.

STEPS TO RUIN.—NO. III.

(See the Engraving.)

BY MRS. JANE C. CAMPBELL.

OF all the woe, and want, and wretchedness, which awaken our compassion; of all the scenes of misery which call so loudly for sympathy; there is none that so harrows up the feelings as the drunkard's home! Look at him who began life with the love of friends, the admiration of society, the prospect of extensive usefulness; look at him in after years, when he has learned to love the draught, which, we shudder while we say it, reduces him to the level of the brute. Where is now his usefulness? where the admiration, where the love, that once were his? Love! none but the love of a wife, or a child, can cling to him in his degradation. Look at the woman, who, when she repeated 'for better for worse,' would have shrunk with terror had the faintest shadow of the 'worse' fallen upon her young heart. Is that she who on her bridal day was adorned with such neatness and taste? Ah me, what a sad change! And the children, for whom he thanked God, at their birth; the little ones of whom he had been so proud, whom he had dandled on his knee, and taught to lisp the endearing name of father—see them trembling before him, and endeavoring to escape his violence. Look at the empty basket, and the full bottle; the natural wants of the body denied, to satisfy the unnatural cravings of a depraved appetite.

Oh God, have pity upon the drunkard's home!

The artist has well told his story, and who that looks upon it but would fearfully turn aside from the first step to ruin?

We too have a tale to tell, which, it pains us to acknowledge, contains more truth than fiction.

James Boynton was the first-born of his parents, and a proud and happy mother was Mrs. Boynton, when her friends gathered around her to look at her pretty babe. Carefully was he tended, and all his infantile winning ways were treasured as so many proofs of his powers of endearment.

In wisdom has the Almighty hidden the deep secrets of futurity from mortal ken. When the mother first folds her infant to her heart, could she look through the long vista of years, and see the suffering, the sin, the shame, which may be the portion of her child, would she not ask God in mercy to take the infant to himself? Would she

not unrepiningly, nay, thankfully bear all the agony of seeing her little one, with straightened limbs, and folded hands, and shrouded form, carried from her bosom to its baby-grave? And yet, not one of all the thousands who are steeped in wickedness and crime, but a mother's heart has gladdened when the soft eye first looked into hers, and the soft cheek first nestled on her own. And, still more awful thought! not one of all these Pariahs of society but has an immortal soul, to save which, the Son of God left his glory, and agonized upon the cross!

James grew up a warm-hearted boy, and among his young companions he was a universal favorite. "Jim Boynton is too good-natured to refuse doing anything we ask," said Ned Granger one day to a school-fellow who feared that James would not join a party of rather doubtful character, which was forming for what they called a frolic. And this was the truth. Here lay the secret of Boynton's weakness—he was too good-natured: for this very desirable and truly amiable quality, unless united with firmness of character, is often productive of evil. But we pass over his boyish life, and look at him in early manhood.

He has a fine figure, with a handsome, intelligent countenance, and his manners have received their tone and polish from a free intercourse in refined circles. He passed his college examination with credit to himself; but, from sheer indecision of character, hesitated in choosing a profession. At this time, an uncle, who resided at the South, was about retiring from mercantile life, and he proposed that James should enter with him as a junior partner, while he would remain for a year or two to give his nephew the benefit of his experience. The business was a lucrative one, and the proposal was accepted.

James left his home at the North, and went to try his fortunes amid new scenes and new temptations. His uncle received him warmly, for the old man had no children of his own, and James was his god-child. His uncle's position in society, and his own frank and gentlemanly demeanor, won him ready access to the hospitality of Southern friends, and it was not long before he fell in love with a pretty orphan girl, whom he frequently

met at the house of a common acquaintance. That the girl was portionless, was no demerit in his uncle's eyes. Not all his treasures, and they were large, had choked the avenues to the old man's heart, and the young people were made happy by his approval of their union.

After a visit to his friends in the North, James returned with his bride; and in a modern house, furnished with every luxury, the happy pair began their wedded life. And now, who so blest as Boynton? Three years pass away, and two children make their home still brighter. Does no one see the cloud, "not bigger than a man's hand," upon the verge of the moral horizon?

Boynton's dislike to saying 'no,' when asked to join a few male friends at dinner, or, on a party of pleasure; his very good-nature, which made him so desirable a companion, were the means of leading him in the steps to ruin.

"Come, Boynton, another glass."

"Excuse me, my dear fellow, I have really taken too much already."

"Nonsense! it's the parting glass, you *must* take it."

And Boynton, wanting in firmness of character, yielded to the voice of the tempter. Need we say, that, with indulgence, the love for the poison was strengthened?

For a while the unfortunate man strove to keep up appearances. He was never seen during the day in a state of intoxication; and from a doze on the sofa in the evening, or a heavy lethargic sleep at night, he could awake to converse with his friends, or attend at his counting-room, without his secret habit being at all suspected.

But who that willingly dallies with temptation, can foretell the end? Who can "lay the flattering unction to his soul," that in a downward path he can stop when he pleases, and unharmed retrace his steps? Like the moth, circling nearer and still nearer to the flame, until the insect falls with scorched wing a victim to its own temerity, so will the pinions of the soul be left scathed and drooping.

Soon Boynton began to neglect his business, and he was secretly pointed out as a man of intemperate habits. At last he was shunned, shaken off, by the very men who had led him astray. Who were most guilty? Let Heaven judge.

Here let us pause, and ask why it is, that so many look upon a fellow-being verging to the brink of ruin, without speaking one persuasive word, or doing one kindly act, to win him back to virtue? Why it is, that, when fallen, they are thrust still farther down by taunting and contempt? Oh, such was not the spirit of Him who came "to seek and to save that which was lost." Such was not the spirit of Him who said, "Neither do I condemn thee; go, and sin no

more." How often, instead of throwing the mantle of charity over a brother's sin, instead of telling him his fault "between thee and him alone," is it bared to the light of day, trumpeted to a cold and censure-loving world, until the victim either sinks into gloomy despondency, and believes it hopeless for him to attempt amendment, or else stands forth in bold defiance, and rushes headlong to his ruin. Not one human being stands so perfect in his isolation, as to be wholly unmoved by contact with his fellows; what need, then, for the daily exercise of that godlike charity which "suffereth long and is kind," which "rejoiceth not in iniquity," which "beareth all things, believeth all things, *hopeth* all things, endureth all things."

Seven years have gone with their records to eternity:—where is James Boynton now?

In one room of a miserable, dilapidated tenement, inhabited by many unfortunate victims of poverty and vice, lives he who on his wedding-day had entered a home which taste and luxury rendered enviable. Squalor and discomfort are on every side. His four children are pale and sickly, from want of proper food, and close confinement in that deleterious atmosphere. They have learned to hide away when they hear their father's footsteps, for, alas! to his own, he is no longer the *good-natured* man. Fallen in his own esteem, frequently the subject of ribald mirth, his passions have become inflamed, and he vents his ill-humor on his defenceless family. He no longer makes even a show of doing something for their support; and, to keep them from starving, his wife works wherever, and at whatever she can find employment.

A few more years, and where is Mrs. Boynton? Tremble, ye who set an example to your families of which ye cannot foretell the consequences! Tremble, ye whom God has made to be the protectors, the guides, the counsellors, of the women ye have vowed to love and cherish! Mrs. Boynton, like her husband, has fallen! In an evil hour, harassed by want, ill-used by her husband, she tasted the fatal cup. It produced temporary forgetfulness, from which she awoke to a sense of shame and anguish. Ah, she had no mother, no sister, no woman-friend who truly cared for her, to warn, to plead, to admonish! Again was she tempted, again she tasted, and that squalid home was rendered tenfold more wretched, by the absence of all attempt at order. However great may be the sorrow and distress occasioned by a man's love for strong drink, it is not to be compared to the deep wretchedness produced by the same cause in woman; and it is matter for thankfulness, that so few men drag down their wives with them in their fall.

Providence raised up a friend who took the

barefooted children of the Boyntons from being daily witnesses of the evil habits of their parents; and so dulled were all the finer feelings of his nature, that James Boynton parted from them without a struggle.

Like the Lacedemonians of old, who exposed the vice to render it hateful in the eyes of the beholders, we might give other and more harrowing scenes from real life: but let this one suffice.

Thank God, for the change which public opinion has already wrought! Thank God, for the efforts which have been made to stay the moral pestilence! Oh, it is fearful to think how many homes have been made desolate—how many hearts have been broken—how many fine minds have been ruined—how many lofty intellects have been humbled! It is fearful to think of the madness—the crime—the awful death—which follow in the Steps to Ruin!

EDITORIAL MISCELLANY.

FEBRUARY.—There are at least two memorable days in February—the fourteenth and the twenty-second. Kindly Saint Valentine smiles upon the first, and rains odors and sweeter billets-doux wherever young folks are found; while on the other, honors, to which every year of our national life gives deeper and deeper significance, are paid to the Father of our country. Two ennobled days in one short month are enough to give it interest; and the present February has the additional grace of the supplemental day, whose quadrennial return gives to the unsought among the weaker sex, the precious privilege of pursuing too diffident bachelors into their very fastnesses. One determined celibat of our acquaintance, who chanced to be in a company of ladies when the clock struck twelve on New Year's night, fled instantly, with every mark of extreme terror, on being reminded that Leap-Year had now commenced. But we can tell him him that flight will be of no avail. *Che sarà sarà*. What is written in our foreheads must be accomplished; and leap-year only smooths the way for the decrees of Fate.

THE IDEAL OF AN OFFICE OF PUBLICATION.—Suffering not inconsiderably ourselves from the mistaken notions of a portion of our correspondents, who seem to forget that editorial and publishing business of all kinds is to be done by a few heads in each establishment, we have been much amused by the following burlesque account—which we find, where we find many other capital things, in the Evening Mirror—of the vast machinery of a newspaper office. After a good deal of grand talking on the subject of editorial duties in general, the writer thus describes the material apparatus of the office:—

"In the basement beneath the publishing office, are the extensive troughs in which is mixed the paste used in the different departments of the paper; a grindstone, which is always in motion for sharpening the scissors of the editors; a large box for the reception of unopened letters on which the postage has not been paid; and the steam-engine

which sets all the complicated machinery of the office in motion. In the upper loft of the building is the splendid suite of offices occupied by the different editors of the paper, all of which communicate with the library. In the office occupied by our literary-editor, is a very ingenious contrivance, resembling one of the instruments of torture in the Spanish Inquisition, which is kept in motion by steam machinery; it is a small hammer that is constantly rapping the head of this employé to keep him from falling asleep while he is reading James' Novels for the purpose of reviewing them. The office occupied by our musical critic is furnished with a fine collection of musical instruments, chiefly hautboys, ophicleides, trombones, French horns, serpents and bassoons, to enable him to vent his swelling indignation against modern composers, when it gets too big for words. Two baggage wagons are constantly engaged in bringing our exchange papers from the Post Office. Adjoining the office of the principal editor is a large drying room, heated by steam, in which are dried the morning papers, before they are submitted to him for his inspection. In addition to a large and well-drilled corps of dreadful-accident makers, we have our ship-news collector, our Court journalist, our Wall-street reporter, our pun-maker, and a large body of foreign correspondents, who occupy the garret of the opposite building. It will thus be seen, that a great many different hands are employed in making up a newspaper; but in addition to all those we have enumerated, there are a great many well-informed friends of ours, who are continually sending us essays and observations on every conceivable topic; and who sign themselves for the most part "your constant reader," although *your constant writer*, we believe, would come much nearer the truth. We have said nothing about the number of hands employed in our compositors' loft; nor of the number of men with large families who derive their living from us; but we will mention, for the sake of our statistical readers, that we consume annually,

29 gross of cast-steel Scissors,
35 tons of Paste,
1400 dozen Steel Pens,
18 hogheads Writing Fluid,
3 1-2 cart loads of Sundries.

"And that our expenditures approximate much nearer to our income than is desirable. Any other information concerning our establishment will be cheerfully given when any of our subscribers apply for it."

THE MERRY SLEIGH BELL.

POETRY BY J. D. K.

Composed and Dedicated to her Friend, Mrs. E. Miller,

BY MISS AUGUSTA BROWNE.

Vivace.

The first system of musical notation is for a piano accompaniment. It consists of a grand staff with a treble and bass clef. The key signature is one sharp (F#), and the time signature is 6/8. The music begins with a mezzo-forte (*mf*) dynamic. The melody is in the treble clef, and the bass line is in the bass clef. The notation includes various note values, rests, and articulation marks.

The second system of musical notation continues the piano accompaniment. It features a vocal line in the treble clef with the lyrics "Merri - ly dash we o'er". The piano accompaniment continues in the bass clef. The dynamic remains mezzo-forte (*mf*).

The third system of musical notation continues the piano accompaniment. It features a vocal line in the treble clef with the lyrics "val - ley and hill, All but the sleigh-bell is sleep - ing and still. O,". The piano accompaniment continues in the bass clef. The dynamic changes to forte (*f*) in the final measure.

Musical score for "The Merry Sleigh-Bell". The score is written for voice and piano. The key signature is one sharp (F#), and the time signature is 4/4. The voice part begins with the lyrics: "bless the dear sleigh-bell! there 's naught can compare To its loud, mer - ry peal, as it". The piano accompaniment features a lively melody in the right hand and a supporting bass line in the left hand. The score includes dynamic markings such as *f* (forte) and *f* (forte). The piece concludes with a final chord.

I I.

As swiftly o'er valley and mountain we rove,
 The moon riding brightly and calmly above,
 Dull sorrow shall hear its inspiring knell,
 In the loud, cheerful peal of the merry sleigh-bell.

I I I.

Now kissed by the moon-beam, outstripping the wind,
 The cool, sweeping night-gale is panting behind,
 Nor leave we it aught our fleet pathway to tell,
 But the far-distant peal of the merry sleigh-bell.

I V.

Where the white plain is smoothest in safety we ride,
 Where the deep drift is highest we fearlessly glide,
 O'er the steep we ascend, and we plunge through the dell,
 To the loud, lively peal of the merry sleigh-bell.

BOOKS OF THE MONTH.

WE have received from the Messrs. Harper since our last, a variety of excellent and attractive works, in different departments of literature. First and foremost comes the elegant edition of Milton, in two volumes, with one hundred and twenty engravings, from drawings by William Harvey. This edition, edited by James Montgomery, with a memoir and critical estimate of Milton and his writings, is handsome enough for anybody, and placed within everybody's reach. We recommend it to the notice of those who reserve a part of their money for books to read.

OUTLINES OF GENERAL HISTORY, in the form of Question and Answer; designed as the foundation and review of a course of historical reading. By Richard Green Parker, A. M. Author of 'Aids to English Composition,' etc.

This is a plain, useful volume, from the same house, intended to serve rather as an excitement to the study of history, than as a satisfactory compendium. "A bird's-eye view," the author calls it, and well; for if we have the advantage of an unobstructed, general glance, we can choose deliberately on what spot to alight for a prolonged visit. The work is inscribed to the venerable Amos Lawrence.

GOLDSMITH'S POEMS—same publishers—elegant, and profusely illustrated; one of the most valuable gift-books of the season; corresponding with the recent edition of Thomson's Seasons by the same house—a facsimile of the English one.

THE PHILOSOPHY OF LIFE AND PHILOSOPHY OF LANGUAGE, in a course of Lectures, by Frederic Von Schlegel. Translated from the German by the Rev. A. J. W. Morrison, M. A. Same publishers.

A work of established reputation; treating the most interesting topics in a clear and agreeable way; inviting to study without threatening weariness. A good book for winter study, though, certainly, to profit by it requires the study of some previous winters.

PICTORIAL HISTORY OF ENGLAND. This elegant work has reached its thirty-fourth number, and is to be completed in about half a dozen more. The illustrations, taken from old prints, interest us particularly; because we have an idea, that in those simple days there was a literal truth in delineations which professed to be portraits. We fancy that *idealizing* was not so fashionable then as now; so that when we look at a picture of Londonderry, for instance, we believe it to be true, as far as it goes. The pictures in this History of England greatly enhance the value of the work—which is more than we are always disposed to say of illustrations.

FACTS AND FANCIES FOR SCHOOL-DAY READING—A SEQUEL TO MORALS OF MANNERS. By Miss Sedgwick. *New-York*: Wiley & Putnam.

Miss Sedgwick has never written anything more delightful than her books for young people; and until sympa-

thetic and genial natures are more abundant than they now are, in this work-a-day world of ours, we could almost wish to confine her efforts to this particular object—always excepting the aid which we have a right to expect from her, in making our own columns interesting to our readers. "Morals of Manners," a little manual intended for the use of our common schools, was found so acceptable, that Miss Sedgwick has here written a little story in illustration of each of its chapters—an excellent idea, and admirably carried out.

ESSAYS ON HUMAN RIGHTS AND THEIR POLITICAL GUARANTIES. By E. P. Hurlbut. With notes by George Combe. Fifth Thousand. *New-York*: Fowler & Wells, 131 Nassau-street.

To have interested five thousand readers is something in favor of a book so coldly serious as this. Mr. Hurlbut goes to work like a dissector, to whom habit has rendered it easy to pass the scalpel among nerves and arteries; but such make the most useful operators. He advocates some very desirable reforms; and we are glad he has found audience both fit and numerous.

THE AMERICAN ALMANAC, AND REPOSITORY OF USEFUL KNOWLEDGE, FOR THE YEAR 1848. *Boston*: James Munroe & Co. *New York*: Collins & Brother; and Wiley & Putnam.

This is the nineteenth volume of this undeniably-useful Annual, which requires neither pictures nor gilding. The astronomical department is under the direction of Professor Pierce; and the articles upon the Observatory at Washington and the great Telescope at Cambridge, show the advantages which have already resulted to science from the wise forecast of the general government, and the munificence of the citizens of Boston. The affairs of the general and state governments, with an abstract of their laws; the Patent Office; the Electric Telegraph; the Post Office; Rail-roads, Congress, History—are a few of the subjects on which information is given.

TEACHING, A SCIENCE, AND THE TEACHER AN ARTIST. By Rev. Baynard R. Hall, A. M. *New-York*: Baker and Scribner, 145 Nassau-street.

The work of an experienced teacher, who, having imbibed a just notion of the importance and dignity of his profession, seeks here to inspire others with one equally correct. We can but wish him success.

OUR DAY—A GIFT FOR THE TIMES. Edited by J. G. Adams. *Boston*: B. B. Mussey & Co.

The writers for this beautiful little volume are mostly clergymen, and serious subjects are treated seriously in its pages. Its tone is that of reform; and it speaks out boldly on the various contested subjects of war, slavery, intemperance, capital punishment, etc.

THE TWO NEW SCHOLARS, AND OTHER STORIES. By the Author of "The Young Farmers," "Charles and Rosa," etc. Boston: Crosby & Nichols. New-York: C. S. Francis & Co.

A charming little Sunday-school book, written by one who understands children, and who has not forgotten to sympathize with them.

From the same publishers we have **NAOMI, OR BOSTON TWO HUNDRED YEARS AGO.** By Eliza Buckminster Lee. Author of the Life of Jean Paul.

The Author of the Life of Jean Paul has an established name as a vigorous and elegant writer; and we are disposed to think Naomi will increase her popularity. The story seems, from the glance we have been able to give it, highly interesting, and told with a truth to nature which we could wish were more common.

POEMS. By James Russell Lowell. Second Series. Cambridge: George Nichols. Boston: B. B. Mussey & Co. New-York: D. Appleton & Co.

Our reverence for poets and poetry, and an especial regard for Mr. Lowell, will not allow us to give this neatly-executed volume a slight, skimming notice. We reserve an attempt to set forth some of its merits until our next number.

From Leonard Scott and Co., 79 Fulton-street, (entrance in Gold-street,) we receive the re-publications of the London, Edinburgh, North British and Westminster Reviews, and Blackwood's Magazine; and we can truly say, that nothing more intrinsically valuable, in a literary point of view, visits our table. We look for each fresh issue with keen interest, and would sooner relinquish all the outward gilding that dazzles the eyes at this season, than the sterling gold that we always find in these rich pages. Indeed, we know not how any one keeps up with the times without their aid. We should consider the stopping of this series as a public loss.

From L. Colby and Co., 122 Nassau-street, we have: "HOW TO BE GOOD, GREAT AND HAPPY." By Emily Chubbuck, (Fanny Forester and Mrs. Judson,) a series of moral stories, in which we trace the sprightliness and delicacy of the pen which has given so much pleasure to young and old.

From T. Cowperthwaite and Co., comes **PRACTICAL PHYSIOLOGY FOR THE USE OF SCHOOLS AND FAMILIES.** By Edward Jarvis, M. D. A well-bound duo. of 368 pages. We are always disposed to commend books of this description; for after all that has been said on the class of subjects of which they treat, but too little attention has yet been excited. Dr. Jarvis is full and precise in his precepts and directions, and abundant in example and illustration. Nothing need be said of the importance to health and strength of knowing how to take care of this "fleshly tabernacle," whose feebleness and inefficiency is so often a clog and hindrance upon our better selves. This book shows plainly, that to guard it well, and to keep it in working and enjoying order, is a religious duty.

LAYS OF LOVE AND FAITH, WITH OTHER FUGITIVE POEMS. By Geo. W. Bethune. Philadelphia: Lindsay & Blakiston.

Modestly put forth, with a protest against any supposition of a claim to the laurel, these sweet verses are well

named, Lays of Love and Faith.' There is not one of them which does not breathe of both love and faith. Take at random one specimen—the only one we have space for, and not by any means the best we could select, but a fair one:—

WORDS FOR MUSIC.

I love to sing when I am glad;
Song is the echo of my gladness;
I love to sing when I am sad,
Till song makes sweet my very sadness.
'Tis pleasant time when voices chime,
To some sweet rhyme in concert only;
And song to me is company—
Good company, when I am lonely.

When'er I greet the morning light,
My song goes forth in thankful numbers,
And 'mid the shadows of the night,
I sing me to my welcome slumbers.
My heart is stirred by each glad bird
Whose note is heard in summer bowers;
And song gives birth to friendly mirth
Around the hearth, in wintry hours.

Man first learned song in Paradise,
From the bright angels o'er him singing,
And in our home above the skies,
Glad anthems are forever ringing.
God lends his ear, well-pleased to hear
The songs that cheer His children's sorrow;
Till day shall break and we shall wake
Where love will make unfading morrow.

Then let me sing while yet I may,
Like him God loved, the sweet-tongued Psalmist,
Who found, in harp and holy lay,
The charm that keeps the spirit calmest.
For sadly here I need the cheer
While sinful fear with pleasure blendeth;
Oh! how I long to join the throng
Who sing the song that never endeth.

This professed love for song is obviously the outpouring of nature; for it is as a lyrist that Dr. Bethune appears to the best advantage. An ear for music—a deep and honest appreciation of its power over the human heart, and a recognition of its religious use and meaning, are everywhere evident. We cannot but wish, after reading these poems, that the writer would turn his attention to the composition of hymns for social worship—hymns of a more personal and familiar character than the mass of those which are now in use. We sing too much didactic poetry. It would be a good service, and it is one which can be perfectly performed only by one who can sing and loves to sing—to write sacred verse—in whose tone should be found some of the passionate energy which alone makes singing more effective than saying. Many hymns in the present volume would well begin such a collection.

THE HOME JOURNAL for 1848, opens rich, with an original American novel, called "Passages in the Life of a Refugee of the Revolution," and an unusual array of brilliant editorial matter. The gossip of Paris, Personal Sketches of Public Characters, Stirring Scenes in New-York, News for Ladies, Fashions and Fashionable Gossip, the sparkle of Theatrical Doings, Sketches and Criticism,—are among the more prominent topics set forth in the new prospectus; and we can add what the editors do not say, that wherever a lift can be given to unappreciated merit, a helping hand extended to modest worth, or a kindly word spoken for the forgotten or the down-trodden, the Home Journal is sure to be foremost, as many a grateful heart can testify. The cause of the female operative was never more warmly urged, or the aims of the literary aspirant more generously furthered, than in this elegant paper. May the editors always use their wide influence for good and not for ill!

THE YOUTH'S CABINET, of our friend and contributor, Rev. Francis C. Woodworth, presents its modest face, bright with smiles and good things for the little people. Mrs. Follen's **CHILD'S FRIEND**, is surpassed by none of the Juvenile Magazines in elegance and purity of sentiment. **KOM-**

STOCK'S FONETIC MAGAZIN, with its triumphant title-page and curious reading matter, claims its share of respectful attention. BROWN'S ANGLER'S ALMANAC, published at 122 Fulton-street, is full of interest for the disciples of Walton, to whom we commend these remarks of an enemy to the "gentle art."

"The angler may be meditative, or rather musing; but let him not ever think that he thinks; for if he had the healthy power of reflection he could not be an angler. If sensible and amiable men are still to be seen squatted for hours in a punt, 'like patience on a monument smiling at grief,' they are as much out of their element as the fish in their basket, and could only be reconciled to their employment by a resolute blinking of the question. In one of the admirable papers of the 'Indicator,' Leigh Hunt says:—'We really cannot see what equanimity there is in jerking a lacerated carp out of the water by the jaws, merely, because it has not the power of making a noise; for we presume that the most philosophic of anglers would hardly delight in catching shrieking fish.' This is not so clear. Old Izaak, their patriarch, would have probably maintained that the shriek was a cry of pleasure. We willingly leave the anglers to their rod, for they deserve it; and we allow them to defend one another; not only because they have no other advocates, but because we are sure that the rest of the community would be glad to see them *hung together*, especially if they should make use of one of their own lines."

We have received since our last, THE MIDDLE KINGDOM: a Survey of the Geography, Government, Education, Society, Life, Arts, Religion, etc., of the Chinese Empire and its inhabitants. With a new Map of the Empire, and Illustrations, principally engraved by J. W. Orr. By S. Wells Williams, Author of "Easy Lessons in Chinese," etc. New-York and London: Wiley and Putnam.

This great work, written by an esteemed friend of ours, whose ability, industry and conscientiousness are beyond question; and who has fitted himself, by a twelve years' residence, to know more about China than has ever yet been ascertained by any individual who has given us the results of his observation, is just now published, in two elegant volumes of about six hundred pages each. Mr. Williams' by his sedulous application to the study of the language, ingratiated himself with the natives, who are not unjustly suspicious of their visitors, when they evince their contempt for the country by being content with a meagre jargon in which they are able to transact their business, and condemning the language as barbarous. Mr. Williams was returning home one evening in a narrow causeway running across the rice-fields, when, just ahead, he saw an infant standing by the side of its father. The child began to whimper at the sight of the "barbarian;" but the parent instantly pacified it by saying, "Don't cry; he won't hurt you; he can talk Chinese." "A knowledge of the language," remarks Mr. Williams, "is a passport to the confidence of the people; and when foreigners generally learn it, the Chinese will begin to divest themselves of their prejudices and contempt." We can only at present announce this most interesting work, reserving our further notice of it until the next number.

The Boys' and Girls' Magazine, and Fireside Companion. Edited by Mark Forrester. Boston: Bradbury and Guild, 12, School-street, is the name of a pretty monthly for the young, in which a good many bright things may be found—well drawn pictures, well-told stories, and not bad poetry. A witticism we must copy:—"Is it not a very queer thing that a man, by penning his ideas, lets them out?"

The Convict, or Hypocrite Unmasked, Harpers; Water Cure in America, Wiley and Putnam; Littell's Living Age; Howitt's and the People's Journals; the New Miscellany for Girls and Boys; Monthly Religious Magazine; Dymond's Essays, cheap edition, by Collins and Brother; Knickerbocker for January, which has a capital Hoodian *jeu-d'esprit* by J. G. Saxe; The Playmate, No. 5; Parlor Magazine, edited by the Rev. J. T. Headley; Endeavors after the Christian Life, by Rev. James Martineau; Making haste to be Rich, by T. S. Arthur; Theatrical Amusements: A Discourse, by the Rev. J. P. Thompson, of the Tabernacle; and some other publications, which shall be noticed in due season, have reached us, but not in time for February.

DOMBEY AND SON.—In the last number we have what we may hope is the climax of Mr. Dombey's punishment, as well as of his folly and wickedness. We doubt whether even Dickens can go beyond the elopement of Mrs. Dombey with the supple banker, or the blow given to innocent Florence. How any gentleman of five-and-thirty, with a wife and children and a proclivity to dinner-parties and their accompaniments, can sit coolly in his library, month after month, elaborating such horrors, is quite a mystery to us. Mrs. Radcliffe's instruments of terror—dungeons, daggers, and corpses,—were child's play to the agony which is piled up in this novel. Hearts are wrung without mercy, and for such a length of time, that we are sure any return of bounding life-blood to their disused cells must be instantly fatal. Mrs. Dombey is the most melo-dramatic heroine we have had for some time. She tears off her diamonds, and stamps upon them, like a third-rate actress; and does all sorts of mock-heroic and silly and unprincipled things, on system, while her beauty remains unimpaired by the ravages of passion. Yet we read all with keen interest, because Dickens is the relator; for nobody tells even foolish stories as he does. For our own part, we wish he could get back into the Pickwick vein, in which he is more at home than anywhere else.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.—We have received a poem called "The Village Church Bell," and should have published it but that it seemed like an echo of something we had read before. Will the sender be good enough to inform us whether it is original? Some persons are not aware that none but original articles are admissible.

Beauty and Genius in Obscurity; Lines on burning an Infidel Library; A Chat about Pens; A Charade; Woman; The Gate of Tears; The Language of the Heart; The Death of the Youngest; Winter; Christ in the Garden; Woman's Sphere; The Seamstress; Dream-land; To a Young Lady who had presented a Cluster of Flowers; Last Sabbath of the Old Year; I Love not Sadness; The Old Chapel Bell—are accepted and will appear in due season; but as many of them will probably be illustrated, our friends must have patience: other articles still await a reading. We do not think it necessary to publish a list of rejected articles, as all which are not accepted are left with the publisher to be called for, in case the owners wish them returned. To write a letter in every case, as some of our correspondents seem to expect, is out of our power. We should need two or three amanuenses for such a labor.

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UNION MAGAZINE.—The January number of this excellent magazine is now before us. It contains several splendid steel engravings, and is filled with contributions from the very best pens. We unhesitatingly pronounce it one of the best magazines of the day.—*Herald, Ashboro', N. C.*

THE UNION MAGAZINE, edited by Mrs. Kirkland ("Mary Clavers") is already out for January, and in commencing the new year, it takes the lead of all its cotemporaries in the splendor of its embellishments.—*National Eagle, Claremont, N. H.*

UNION MAGAZINE.—The January number of this truly beautiful magazine has been received. Interesting as the articles in this magazine always are, the present number is more entertaining than the previous ones. It is elegantly embellished with three splendid steel plates, several small ones, and a beautiful colored fashion plate.

No magazine in this country has attained such wide-spread popularity as this one; and none is so richly deserving of the great patronage it enjoys. The number before us is the first one of the second volume, and subscribers will do well to send in their names immediately.—*Brockport Watchman, Brockport, N. Y.*

THE UNION MAGAZINE.—We have too long delayed our acknowledgment of the receipt of the January number. Its magnificent and profuse embellishments, and the standard letter-press, make it creditable even to the established name of the fair editor, Mrs. Kirkland, and to the high reputation of the publisher, Mr. Post. We invite our readers, who want a good eastern monthly, and have not yet subscribed, to call at the office and examine the "Union."—*The Zanesville Courier, Zanesville, Ohio.*

THE UNION MAGAZINE OF LITERATURE AND ART.—Edited by Mrs. C. M. Kirkland. Israel Post, publisher, New York. We have often wondered that there was not more enterprise exhibited in our own metropolis—New York—in regard to the production of magazines of polite literature. But we are no longer to be surprised in this respect. Under cover of the above title, we have before us one of the most tasty and entertaining magazines ever put forth by any publisher in the United States. It is, indeed, a splendid affair, and will bear comparison with any other of its kind. Its typography is as neat as anything we ever saw

—its engravings, 12 in number, are executed by the best artists in the country, and cannot be surpassed—its contributions are rare and entertaining. The paper is of the best quality—better than is used by most other publishers. We hope the most abundant success will attend the efforts of the publisher, as we doubt not it will.—*Danville Whig, Danville, N. Y.*

THE UNION MAGAZINE OF LITERATURE AND ART. Edited by Mrs. C. M. Kirkland: New-York, Israel Post.

Comparatively a new three-dollar monthly, the number before us, for January, being the first of volume second. It is liberally and splendidly illustrated, and beautifully printed; and contains contributions from the most popular writers in the American magazines. Mr. Post was the original publisher of the *Columbian Magazine*: were there not room for all, he would now prove a very dangerous competitor to that and the other fashionable monthlies.—*Vermont Watchman and State Journal, Montpelier, Vt.*

THE UNION MAGAZINE.—This is a monthly of decided literary merit, published in New York, by Israel Post; and edited by Mrs. C. M. Kirkland. The number before us, for January, is one of the most splendid and attractive of any of the class of magazines that we have ever seen. The contributors are of the first literary talent in the nation. Every thing connected with it, augurs a very general demand for the work.—*Genesee Evangelist, Rochester, N. Y.*

THE UNION MAGAZINE OF LITERATURE AND ART.—Edited by Mrs. C. M. Kirkland. January, 1848.

So far as typographical execution is concerned, this monthly has no equal in the Union; nor indeed, can any other rank with its illustrations. There are, for instance, in the issue for the new year,—which comes to us bright and early, ahead of all its rivals—two mezzotints, one line engraving, a good fashion plate, eight fine wood-cuts, initial letters, etc., and two pages of music. Then it gives us twenty-four articles in prose and verse, from as many different writers, that vary the profession of a union of literature and art. Bryant, Willis and Park Benjamin are among them; with Mrs. Child, Sigourney, Osgood, Embury, Ellet, Hannah F. Gould, etc. Altogether, it is a splendid production, and worthy a large new year's subscription list.—*Boston Bee, Boston, Mass.*

TERMS OF THE UNION MAGAZINE:

One copy one year, in advance,	\$3,00
One copy two years,	"	5,00
Two copies one year,	"	5,00
Five " " "	"	10,00
Eight " " "	"	15,00
Twelve " " "	"	20,00

GREAT NATIONAL PICTURE.

WE will give the person sending us the largest club of subscribers to this Magazine, with the cash at the above rates during the time ending the 1st of May, 1848, the engraving of the United States Senate Chamber, containing the correct portraits of ninety-seven distinguished gentlemen, then in the Senate Chamber, at the time of Mr. Clay's farewell speech. The engraving measures thirty-two by forty inches, engraved by Thomas Doney, and published by E. Anthony, with a splendid gilt frame; the engraving and frame costing \$27 00, which we will deliver free of freight or expense, in any way to the person entitled to it, at any place within the United States; and it will also constitute the person sending the money, a life subscriber to the Union Magazine. The picture and frame can be seen at any time at E. Anthony's Daguerreotype Establishment, 247 Broadway, New-York.

Address, Post-Paid, ISRAEL POST, 140 Nassau-st., New-York.

THE UNION MAGAZINE.

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EMBELLISHMENTS.

STEPS TO RUIN. No. 3. Designed by T. H. Matteson. Engraved by H. S. Sadd.
 GOING TO SCHOOL. Designed by T. H. Matteson. Engraved by R. Hinshelwood.
 FASHIONS. Four Figures. Engraved by W. S. Barnard. Colored by T. P. Spearing.
 SHAWANGUNK MOUNTAIN. Engraved by P. Loomis.
 THE TALISMAN. Engraved by B. F. Childs.
 LILLIS ROBINSON AND HER BROTHER. Engraved by B. F. Childs.
 LADY CLARE. Engraved by P. Loomis.
 OLD ELsie. Engraved by B. F. Childs.
 AN IBERIAN PRAYER, in the Iberian style of printing. Engraved by P. Loomis.
 YOUNG AUTHORSHIP. Engraved by B. F. Childs.
 THE SURRENDER OF DETROIT. Engraved by P. Loomis.

DESCRIPTION OF THE FASHIONS.

Robe of rose-colored satin; skirt plain; corsage tight; low in the neck and pointed; short sleeves, cut bias, caught up with a bunch of roses; lace fichu, forming a berthe, with double folds, cut bias; gathered on the shoulder, and forming drapery in front, trimmed with two rows of lace; hair dressed with marabouts.

Robe of violet foulard; skirt plain; corsage close and half-high; tight sleeves, cut bias; round cape of worked muslin, only reaching half-way to the waist behind; close in front, trimmed with two embroidered frills, edged with narrow lace. Cap of tulle, crown so small as only to contain the hair; front rounded, and covered with two rows of lace, trimmed with blue taffeta ribbon.

Robe of green satin; skirt plain; corsage tight, cut low; sleeves half-long, open in front, and ornament with bows of ribbon. Fichu of black lace; round behind, gathered on the shoulder, and forming drapery in front, trimmed with two rows of lace, and ornamented with red flowers.

Bride's toilet. Robe of poulx de soie; skirt plain; corsage high on the shoulders, open in front about half-way, and with a rounded point; scalloped around the opening; sleeves plain, half-long, scalloped at the bottom; gimpes of plaited muslin; under-sleeves of muslin; long tulle illusion veil.

CONTRIBUTORS.

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*** We have now no female Travelling Agents, and never have had any for the Union Magazine.